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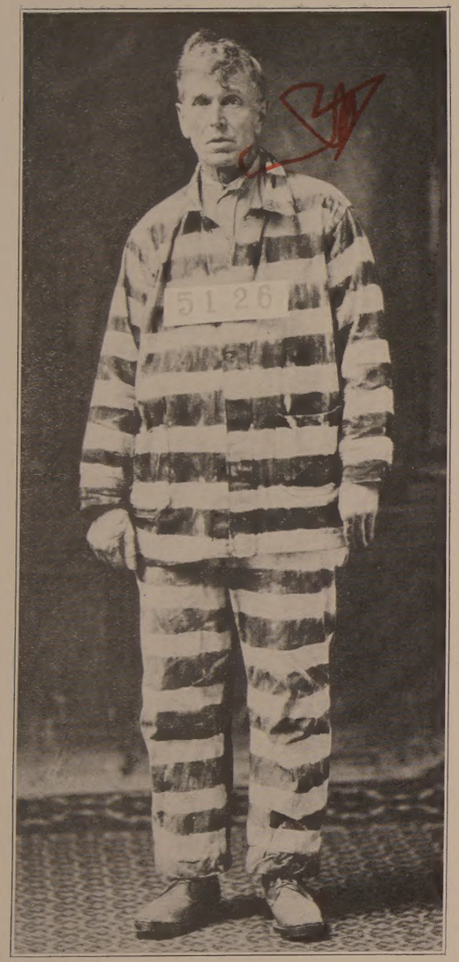

YESTERDAY

TODAY

TOMORROW?

Lockstep and Corridor

Thirty-five Years of Prison Life

By

CHARLES L. CLARK

Convict No. 5126, Illinois State Penitentiary

and

EARLE EDWARD EUBANK, Ph. D.

Head of the Department of Sociology

University of Cincinnati

Foreword by

HON. CHARLES W. HOFFMAN

Judge of the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations

Prepared and Published Under the Direction of Earle Edward Eubank, as Publication No, 1 of the Department of Sociology, University of Cincinnati.

The University of Cincinnati Press

Cincinnati, Ohio

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Printed by
THE LOUIS STREIT PRINTING CO.
CINCINNATI

To all those who are wise enough and sympathetic enough to discern, even of those who march in lockstep and dwell in prison corridors, that

"A Man is a Man for a' that",

This Volume is Dedicated

FOREWORD

By

HON. CHARLES W. HOFFMAN,
Judge of the Court of Domestic Relations of Cincinnati.

Volumes of theory regarding crime are legion. Tabulations of criminological statistics march from the press in steady procession. Treatises on the "treatment" of offenders are numberless. But all of these are limited in a very definite way by their very objectivity. They are written by outsiders who have not the means of truly placing themselves within the world of which they write. Not until we can see the criminal "mind in the making" can we really understand the making of the criminal himself.

Here at last is a document which gives the inside story of how human material is transformed into that combination of elements which we are accustomed to regard as anti-social. It is in fact the natural history of a criminal. It stands unique in the literature of crime. Nothing quite like it has yet appeared.

The real merit of this book is that it affords the source material for a study of the actuating motives and factors in the life of a veteran, professional criminal. He is not of the type or order of malefactors to which Lombroso believed most law-breakers belonged—he is the typical offender against society, a systematic professional, whose trade is crime, working from his earliest days along the lines of standardized methods. He has written the narrative of his life in a style peculiarly that of the so-called underworld. It is a psychological,

possibly a pathological phenomenon in itself, that a man whose meagre education was obtained almost exclusively within prison walls, finally developed the ability to write, even though ungrammatical phrases frequently appear in this story.

The picture is very complete. We see a lad like many of those who come into our own juvenile courts today, starting out as a member of a gang, fascinated and dominated by its warped ideas of manhood, seeking to secure recognition and praise and prestige by acts which are socially harmful. We see our crude penal machinery putting this lad through a process which could not have been more effectively designed for the creation of bitterness and criminal attitudes toward society had it been deliberately planned for the purpose. From that time on it becomes a struggle between the offender and the offended, these opposite roles being alternately assumed both by society and the narrator. The inequality of the conflict is testified by the tragic record of imprisonments. It leaves him at the end a broken old man, probably unconverted so far as any moral regeneration is concerned, but at least acknowledging his defeat in the uneven contest, and whole-heartedly testifying that the way of the transgressor is hard.

In no way can the author be reckoned as a normal person in his relation to society; society has done its best to make him abnormal. He is an outcast, always has been an outcast. Naturally, therefore, he seldom reveals any sympathy whatever with its established laws and customs. He has passed his whole life in a world of ideas altogether foreign to law-abiding people. He was the victim in his childhood, and most certainly in his youth and younger manhood, of obscure, malignant forces, and an even more malignant environment that had no possible effect other than that of making him an anti-social human being. The apologetic attitude that he some-

times manifests is of no consequence, and probably of no great depth. He would no doubt even now defend his position and his ideas as strenuously as a member of any group of normal individuals would defend his own doctrines and principles.

It is for the scientist to trace whence this professed criminal derived the ideas that made him eligible for membership in the group that has always been a menace to mankind. The evidence disclosed in his confession is clearly to the effect that he is a made criminal, as distinguished from a natural criminal, and that his devastating conduct originated in childhood. He craved the approval of his particular world. He could obtain it only by acts disapproved by the conventional world. The two points of view were mutually exclusive, therefore irreconcilable. His sense of antagonism to orderly human affairs, however acquired, remained with him always, dominating his thought and actions.

One profound lesson should be driven home by this tragic and unadorned life story. It is this: that however much to blame *Convict 5126* has been throughout these years (and we do not condone him for his life of crime), this social order of which the readers of this volume are a part is co-responsible for what has occurred. His behavior has been criminal; but we have created or permitted conditions which gave them effect. His attitude has been that of an Ishmael, "his hand against every man"; but we, by our imperfect knowledge and still more imperfect treatment, have helped to give birth to this attitude. He, no less than the judge on the bench, is largely a product of his social setting, and that environment is of society's creating.

It remains for the sociologist, the psychologist, the social technician who read the revelations of this man whose only home has been a prison corridor, to determine the degree of his responsibility—and of ours.

PREFACE

My acquaintance with Charles L. Clark dates back to February, 1918. While a visitor at the Illinois State Penitentiary on one occasion as a guest of Chaplain Albert Patrick I was introduced by him to Mr. Clark, who, as *Convict 5126,* was then serving his tenth criminal sentence. His unusually diverse prison record, together with his likable personality, aroused at once a deep interest which has led me to closer acquaintance. Since then, by extensive correspondence and by personal contact, I have kept in close touch with him and a warm friendship has developed.

After his promotion in 1922 to the honor prison farm colony at Vandalia, Illinois, where his enlarged privileges gave him much greater freedom, I suggested that he employ his leisure in writing some account of his prison experiences. He became so interested in this new undertaking, an activity which he had never before considered, that he went far beyond the original suggestion, and what he prepared finally extended itself to an autobiography of some 75,000 words. The material was sent in the form of personal letters to me, written in pencil upon coarse paper such as he could secure at the prison farm. These letters are now in my files.

The following pages are taken from those letters, and as they now stand are the *bona fide* composition of Mr. Clark. His own spelling, capitalization, and syntax, which sometimes varies from the orthodox, have been left unchanged. Except for modification in punctuation, paragraphing, and partial rearrangement of materials necessary for clearness, and the

condensation and elimination of some portions to avoid duplication, the manuscript is published almost exactly as it came from his hand. Whatever literary style it possesses—and this in itself is most surprising from such an untutored source—is wholly his own. The final copy, as it here appears for the first time, has been read and approved by him for publication.

The period covered is six decades: from June 1st, 1866 to June 1, 1925, three and a half of which, over thirty-five years, have been spent as a prisoner in the reformatories and prisons of Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois.

By the very nature of the case, much of what appears in an autobiography is of such an intimate character that only the narrator himself can know the facts. The responsibility for the story here told cannot be assumed by anyone else. The period covered is so long and the career so precarious that, as Mr. Clark states, the exact dates and figures given must sometimes be only approximations. Wherever persons are mentioned in a way that might be injurious to them, the names given are fictitious; for the purpose of the narrative is not to incriminate anyone, but simply to give a direct, true account of his own life and first-hand experiences.

There have appeared in the past many "inside" stories of prison life from various writers. Most of them, however, such as those of Kate O'Hare and Frank Tannenbaum, have been written by persons who are not of the "criminal class", but who have unfortunately in a single instance run against the law. Their background and entire point of view is that of the outsider, to whom the prison experience has come as something wholly strange and different from their usual lives.

This story differs from theirs in that it comes from one who has from his early 'teens hardly known anything but prison life, and its occasional intermissions which were for the most part lived in a world of criminals and crime. He does not have to "project" himself into an unfamiliar realm, for he has for

most of his three score years been a citizen of no other. His psychology is inevitably of that region, and it is as strange to us as is the criminal *milieu* itself from which, and of which, he writes.

This fact gives to this document a distinctive character and a significance which will not be lost on one who seeks, through the windows which his story opens, to obtain a clearer and a more understanding view of that strange border world which constitutes civilization's most perplexing frontier.

Earle Edward Eubank.

University of Cincinnati,
December 1, 1926.

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PART ONE

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF PRISON LIFE

By

CHARLES L. CLARK

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH IN DETROIT — BOYHOOD AND BAD COMPANIONSHIP — MATRICULATION INTO THE SCHOOL OF CRIME AT TOM McBANE'S SALOON — A THREE MONTHS' SENTENCE IN THE DETROIT HOUSE OF CORRECTION AS A MATRICULATION FEE — TRIP TO CHICAGO ON STOLEN MONEY — LOSS OF MONEY, AND RETURN OF THE BANKRUPT PRODIGAL.

I was born in the City of Detroit on June 1, 1866 of English descent. My mother died when I was about two years old, so that I missed what every boy needs—a mother's love and care. Our family consisted of my Father, my four sisters and myself, and we were comfortably situated. I passed the first fifteen years of my life as any normal American boy does, at play and school; although later I was expelled from school for incorrigibility, later going to private school which I also left by request.

My Father was probably one of the most respected men in business and social circles in the city and was one of the most strictly honest men it has ever been my good fortune to come in contact with. No member of our family or the relatives I have had has ever shown any criminal tendency, so that in my case hereditary criminal taint can not be charged. My Father owned several pieces of Real Estate in Detroit, and at different times we moved from one house to another that he owned. I mention this fact because it really had a direct bearing upon the events that led up to the life that caused me all of my trouble. One of our houses was located where lived families of a high moral character, while another house was located in a neighborhood where the boys were a degree moraly lower.

It was at this latter place that I met a boy a little older than myself who had such an influence upon me that I made him my confidant and chum. This lad, who we will call Tom Jones, came of a family lower in a social way than my own. Tom's mother had for him a mother's love and did all in her power to keep him straight, but unfortunately he also had a step-Father who took no particular intrest in him, and as a result he ended up just about as I have done. Tom, as a result of his step-Father's indiference, spent very little time in school and I followed his footsteps much against my Father's desires and efforts.

Tom and I drifted on untill we became acquainted with several boys who had reached the same state moraly that we had. At this time the game of fifteen-ball pool was very popular with boys of our age, and, although the city ordinances prohibited all pool room owners from allowing minors to enter their halls, yet we discovered a place known as McBane's, where such trade was solicited. And as a result I claim that the first real cause that started me on the downward path was "Tom McBane", as he was a man matured and knew the results his place caused in our young lives. McBane's place was known to the police at this time as a tough joint, catering to a class of rough kids; and, although McBane did enjoy Police protection and did get rich, yet he was the direct cause of more than one unfortunate boy going to prison later on.

At this place the charge for pool was five cents a cue, and in return checks worth five cents in trade were issued, which were exchanged mostly for Beadle's Dime Novels, which were very popular literature for boys of our age. And you can imagine that they had some little influence for the bad in some cases. It is the little things that sometimes make the big ones, and I mention Pool and Dime Novels, for I feel that the desire

to enjoy both was my first step on the road to Crime. Also in this pool hall we learnt the first step in gambling, for as a general rule we played "winner take all." These games also resulted in learning us to cheat in order to win these pool checks, which cheating often resulted in fights. So much evil may be laid at the door of Tom McBane.

Such places as McBane's can be found in any large city today, and can only be run under police protection; and my claim, based on long years of experience and observation, is that organized crime can not exist without police protection. At this place I gradually acquired such a desire to play pool and gamble that my Father refused to give me the money that I thought a boy in my position needed to hold his position in the gang.

It was at this time that I followed a suggestion from my pall Tom Jones, and stole a few dollars from my Father. This money lasted me several days at McBane's, during which time I remained away from home untill finaly captured by my Father and returned home, only to run away again after a few days with more money. From this time on it was a struggle between my Father and myself to see who would win, and the Victory remained with me.

After remaining away from home for some time I was finaly arrested for a petty larceny and received a sentence of three months in the Detroit House of Correction under an assumed name. This, I believe, was in 1882. I am not sure. My Father did not hear where I was untill my time was nearly out. When I was released he sent me to stay with a married sister in the country in New York state. But country life was too lonesome for a boy who had lived as I had, and I started out to see the world on my own hook, with three hundred dollars that I stole from my sister's husband. I headed for Chicago and at once looked up a pool hall, and finaly found

one similar to the one run by Tom McBane, where I soon lost all the money I had; and in a few days (as soon as I got good and hungry), I returned to Detroit by box-car rout, where I was freely forgiven by my Father, to whom I made many promises of good behaviour for the future.

CHAPTER II.

FURTHER LESSONS IN CRIME — A FOUR YEARS' POST-GRADUATE COURSE AT THE MICHIGAN STATE REFORMATORY — NOTHING LIKE A REAL BAD GUY.

In the early part of 1884 myself and one of the boys I was going with made up our minds to secure a little so-called easy money, as several of the boys we met daily at Tom McBane's told us how they had secured the supply they usualy had. We finaly decided to rob a large grocery store on Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and entered the place and was arrested while still in there.

Most young offenders glory in being held up to others as a bad guy, and realy take much pride in being led into a crowded court room handcuffed to an officer. Such were my feelings as I was led into a real criminal court for my first criminal trial (for my previous three months' sentence to the Detroit House of Correction was not in the same class as this affair). Such a trial should not be conducted in a court at all, but in some quiet place and with no police at hand. I feel now that had I been taken to some quiet place and been talked to by some good man or woman, and been placed on probation, that I would have changed my manner of living, and today I would be a good, respectable citizen instead of what I turned out to be. But instead we were placed on trial before Judge Winn, a judge who was known as being one of the most severe in the country, one who did not try to show offenders the error of their ways, but instead always told them that they must expect a severe sentence if found guilty.

Finaly, after staying two months in the Wayne County jail, we received a sentence of four years each at the Michigan State Reformatory at Ionia. I believe that society committed a more serious crime than I did in giving such a sentence. First, I was not entirely to blame because my trouble was largely due to the evil influence of McBane's which the officers of the law permitted to run illegally; second, because I was only 18 years old and not capable of judging things correctly. But I am not making excuses, only giving the views of a man old in experience as I look back upon the mistakes of my younger days. We were taken to the Ionia Reformatory I believe on April 5, 1884, to serve the four year sentence. As I remember, I felt like a hero as I walked into the main hall of the prison handcuffed to my partner, and we both gloried in the fact that we were game; for as you know Beadle's Dime Novels only contained the experiences of game men.

My first days in prison were spent in telling the different men I came in contact with what a realy bad guy I was. I did not realy begin to feel the confinement untill I had been there about two weeks and the novelty of the situation had worn off. I was assigned to the Shoe contract where worked men much older than myself. Ionia at this time was a Reformatory in name only, for there were men confined there over 50 years old—another mistake of society—and among this number many expert crooks. Ionia at this time was in charge of a man who was a politician only, and who cared more for the success of his political party than he did for the welfare of the unfortunates under his care, and as a result we inmates had a hard time of it.

All the work at this time was under the contract system, which means that each man's labor was leased out, and that the State received 50 cents a day for each man's work. Much has been written in the past few years about Prison Contract

Labor, and let me say now that nothing too bad has been said about it, as I know by actual experience under this system in three States. I know that the only foreman who could hold his job was the man who was utterly devoid of sympathy for human suffering. Such a man allways held the job and received a good salary for his work; and the keepers employed by the State were about of the same calabre and received each month a certain sum from the contractor, in addition to their pay from the State. So no matter how much work the convict did he never received any thanks, but any man who failed to do the task would be sure to hang in the dungeon half of the night and then get up in a weakened condition and do another big day's work or receive the same dose again that night, with perhaps a strapping added, which I received at one time four nights in succession.

After I was in Ionia about one year we had a change of Administration and secured as a result a much better Warden, an ex-Army Officer of the Civil War, Major E. C. Watkins, who introduced the military system and other improvements. This man was the first man in the United States, I think, who introduced the grading system, although others have made that claim also. This warden also abolished the lock-step, which I also believe he was the first to do. One of the things he could not do, however, was to abolish the "Silent System", for the Contractors would not stand for this. Please understand that to be able to secure the labor of able-bodied men in prison for a small sum per day it required political influence, and that after securing such labor the Contractor of course wanted all the work he could get. And, thinking that silent men work better, they preferred the Silent System, and so through their political "pull" were able to overcome the wishes of the Warden in this respect.

As I have stated, Warden Watkins started a grading system of three grades—A, B and C. C grade consisted of men who would not behave at all. B grade were those who had just come to the Prison or were working their way into A grade. A man had to be one year with no bad reports in order to gain A grade, after which he received a new A grade suit of light grey, and was removed to the cell block reserved for A grade men and was allowed out of his cell until nine p. m., and also allowed to eat in a separate dining room, being served much better food than the men of the other grades. I mention the good deeds of this Warden because he was so far advanced in his ideas in conducting a prison at the time I speak of, and he received much unjust criticism at the time. But you will now find his ideas in force in several prisons in this country.

I never succeeded in reaching A grade, for I could not make myself believe that I was not a real bad guy. I was helped in this belief by some of the older inmates who, as I have stated, realy had no business to be placed in such an institution. Daily I came in contact with hardened criminals and learned much that I know in a criminal way from conversation with them. I am, as a result, a firm believer in "Segregation". I think that the old offender should be placed by himself and the younger boys likewise. I can say, however, that at times in the past some of the old-timers have advised me only for the best, and that has been my motto whenever the chance came.

I have said that I did not feel the imprisonment untill I had been there a couple of weeks. I found that working in a shop under the eyes of a keeper was about the worst punishment that a boy could endure. I could not learn that I must keep silent, and was reported and placed under severe punishment very often, and lost most all of my good time. Often I was strapped, which punishment was so bad that it was al-

ways inflicted under the supervision of the prison doctor, who was afterward proven to be on the pay roll of the Contractor. One man was strapped and suffered a permanent injury, and upon his release was reported to have sued the warden for damages and received over $1,000.00, which the warden paid, although the punishment was given without his knowledge or consent, and all this was the result of the Contract System.

After enduring nearly four years of this kind of treatment I was released in the fall of 1887 and left for my home in Detroit, where I was received with open arms by my Father and Sisters, who had the false idea that as I had been in a Reformatory for so long that I surely must be reformed. After remaining home for a while I desired a change, and after talking the matter over it was decided to send me to Kansas City, Missouri, to a cousin who was employed on the Kansas City News. I left for Kansas City in the winter of 1887, and secured a position on the Kansas City News untill I began to spend too much time in the pool-rooms and gambling-rooms, and neglected my work to such an extent that I was let out, and, finding myself without work, I spent all of my time in such places as I speak of, untill I got into trouble over a gambling game, and was obliged to leave the city. I returned to Detroit and later fell in with a party I will call Bader whom I had met in Ionia Reformatory, and with him committed a crime that caused me to be returned to Ionia for another four years' sentence.

CHAPTER III.

SLOW WORK, PROWLING, AND OTHER FORMS OF ART — TWO THIEVES ARE BETTER THAN ONE — BADER — FENCES, CROOKED AND STRAIGHT — GROSSLIGHT, THE STOOL PIGEON — THE CROOKEDNESS OF A FELLOW CROOK.

During my stay in Kansas City I had become acquainted with a fast crowd and had my first experience with fast women and lived with one for a considerable time. I know that one of the causes of crime is the criminal's desire to live with and support some woman in style. It seemed that the chief desire of the crowd I mingled with was to gamble, and I soon learned the different games and also spent considerable time and money in the pool-rooms playing the races. During my stay in Kansas City I had not committed any crime of any kind, although later on I did tear the town up. I lived upon the money I earned from time to time, and upon the allowance of $75.00 a month furnished me by my Father; and also made considerable playing 15-ball pool for money, I having become an expert by this time.

Upon my return to Detroit I still had the desire to gamble, but as I lived at home and had no further allowance from my Father I had to look elsewhere to gain money to gratify this desire. I soon discovered a pool-room where race returns were given and pools on the same were sold. This place was run by Mitchell and James, strictly against the State and City laws, and was located on Cadillac Square. You will understand that I had very little desire to work with so much easy money to be obtained by playing the races, as I thought at that time. I had while in Kansas City won in one day and

on one race $700.00, and I thought that with my knowledge of the horses running at that time I could do the same again.

One day while sitting in Mitchell and James's I met a man I had known while serving my first four year sentence at Ionia. This man, Bader, was also a race-horse fiend, and he was also probably one of the most expert Burglars in the U. S. Bader was what was known as an all-round thief, although his stealings were mostly confined to private houses. His main graft was prowling, which means that he entered a house after midnight and robbed the place while the people were in bed sleeping. A good prowler is considered at the top of the class when it comes to classifying house thieves. To be a good prowler it requires not only that the man be cool at all times, but he must also have nerve. So that all a prowler needs is to be cool and have nerve, and for tools he will need a jimmy, a gat and a set of screws.

In the old days most houses were fitted out with the old-style locks and it did not require more than a set of three screws to fit almost any door lock. At the present time modern houses are fitted out with Yale locks, and it is almost impossible to pick them, and the only way to enter a house with the Yale lock is to force the door with a jimmy. As this makes considerable noise most thieves prefer to pass up such a joint. Several years ago I made an effort to secure a full set of Yale lock master keys but was unable to do so, although I would have been glad to pay a big price for them, or I would have stolen them if I could, as they are very valuable to a thief.

I will say, so that you may know, that a good prowler will always rob the sleeping rooms, and generally will do so without waking the sleepers. He will do the job thoroughly, even feeling under the pillows and mattresses, if possible, for valuables. A first-class man will never bother with silverware

or bulky articles, only taking what he can carry in his pockets, as he takes a big chance walking through the streets in the early hours of the morning with a bundle, and is liable to arrest if so caught.

As I have stated, Bader was considered one of the best prowlers in the country, not only by the boys of our class but by the police as well. To my knowledge he had spent foolishly over $12,000.00, the proceeds of two burglaries alone. He had served one sentence of five years, and was doing that bit at Ionia when I first met him.

It was while serving this sentence that he made his escape from Ionia with Ashman, Boles and Kuhn. As I have stated before, Warden Watkins had introduced the grading system in Ionia, and one of the privelidges of A grade men was to be allowed to remain at liberty in the Cell block corridor untill nine p. m., at which time the Captain of the guard placed the cell door keys in the hands of a prisoner the inmates had selected for that purpose, who would then lock up the rest of the men and return the keys to the Captain. Each cell had a solid slab of stone as a ceiling about eight inches thick, and the ceiling of the top tier of cells was right under the roof of the cell house, so that it realy was the floor of the garret. Bader, Boles, Kuhn and Ashman got hold of some very fine tools and spent nearly a week cutting a hole through eight inches of solid stone. This job had to be accomplished without leaving a mark visible, as the place was inspected every day. Yet they did do the job and escaped, Bader being recaptured the next day in Grand Rapids. Ashman and Boles were also returned shortly after, and Kuhn, who had made his escape to Canada, was also returned after a long legal battle between Canadian and United States authorities.

One day, while in Mitchell and James's, Bader asked me if I wanted to go out and make some coin; and, as I thought

that I had a sure winner picked out in one of the next day's races, I replied that I did. It was about three p. m. at this time, and we left and went up Woodward Avenue and entered a flat building with Bader's screws and proceeded to ransack the place thoroughly, with the result that we made about $150.00. We left this place as near like we found it as possible, because it very often happens that you can find valuables or money put away in places that the owners very seldom look into, and if nothing is disturbed they sometimes do not discover their loss for a long time and do not report the same to the police untill it is too late. A job of this kind is known as Slow work, which means that the house is robbed during the absence of the family. Slow work is done mostly in the daytime, but also in the early hours of the evening while the people are at the theatre, and especially on Sunday evening during Church service.

I stayed with Bader continually up to the time of my second conviction, and during my travels with him I learned much from actual experience that I had only had explained to me before. During my stay in Ionia I was given to understand by some of the old-timers that Society had no use for such as me, and that the only thing to do was to go out and get what I could, as the world owed me a living anyway. Most people take this view on this subject, and I have had to undergo an awful lot of hardship to realize the fact that I owe myself a living, and that I am under certain obligations to my fellow man.

One of the things I learned from Bader was how to discover a "slow". I learned that you only had to walk down the street and watch the opposite side, and if the window curtains of any house were way down it was very probable that the people were out, and you could make sure by ringing the bell. If no one came to the door you could use your

screws and proceed to business, but in case anyone answered the bell you only had to ask for some made-up name and go away and repeat untill successful. At night, however, you can judge a "slow" by the curtains being down and the lack of lights. One of the first things an old-time thief did on entering a place in the early hours of the evening was to pull all curtains down tight, sides and bottom, and then turn on the lights and proceed to rob the house. While two were together one man attended to this work, and as soon as he had the front bedroom ready the other man started to ransack. This was done to gain time in case of an unexpected return of the family, in which case we would quietly leave by the back door, which we always leave unlocked so that we could leave quickly. During the many years I worked alone I have had many narrow escapes and would have been caught oftener probably had I not left the back door unlocked.

You will notice that a woman before leaving her home generally pulls down the front curtains. This is really an invitation for the first thief that passes to enter and rob. A "slow" worker, when out in the afternoon or evening, always watches corners, and when he sees one or more women waiting for a car will scout around for a block in every direction and find out where they came from and then proceed to rob their house. If all persons on leaving their homes would leave the curtains up and at night leave a light burning they could prevent much theft; and still a better plan would be to have a small dog who would make plenty of noise should any one try the door. (I know the dog plan is effective because it was a small dog that was the cause of my first capture in Chicago, later on, while robbing a flat.)

The success I made with Bader with my first real attempt at stealing made me feel that I had picked out the right occu-

pation to succeed financially. I have always claimed that I never realy was a criminal at heart. I have never felt a desire to steal just to steal, but I did acquire expensive habits and I was hardened by the cruel punishments inflicted upon me while an inmate of Ionia. I felt that Society had injured me, and after these many years I still feel the same, although I do realize that I have also injured Society, but I guess I have paid the debt in full.

At the time of my first real attempt at crime I came in contact with the first Fence I had ever met, although I had been told of them while in Ionia. A Fence in the underworld tearm is one who buys stolen property from thieves. A man of this kind generaly has some legitimate business as a blind, and the man I speak of run a jewelry store on Michigan Avenue. A good Fence from our standpoint will not do business with a man who is not vouched for by some thief who he knows to be right, which means that the man vouched for will not stool, and that even if arrested and convicted and sent to prison that he will serve his sentence in silence, and that never under any circumstances will he stool on the Fence. Under these conditions a Fence is safe. It is generaly understood that he will do all in his power in case of arrest to save us from conviction and sentence, and this is generaly accomplished with the aid of crooked lawyers and bondsmen.

My experience has taught me that the Fence is generaly a man of some political influence and has a pull with the police and city officials. Some Fences, however, run because of the information they give the police, and as a result many a man does time because of dealing with them. Most pawnbrokers are classed as Fences, although some are run on the square. A Pawnbroker knows that anything taken from his place by the police, if proven to be stolen, will be paid for, and if the owner of such goods demands the return of them

he must pay back what the Pawnbroker advanced to the thief. This is not the law so far as I know, but is generaly brought about by the blustering police official who generaly induces the real owner of the goods to pay for the return of what is rightfully his own, and who pays his taxes to help pay said officer to do his sworn duty. Under the law governing Pawnbrokers it makes it the broker's duty to enter all business transactions on their books for the inspection of the Police officials who are detailed on this work, but a broker who is realy a Fence (and many of them are) will not enter such a deal at all.

The Fence System is the cause of much crime, because it makes the criminal feel safe after he has the stolen goods out of his possession and in safe hands, where the gold is melted down and the form of jewelry altered so the owner cannot recognize it. Feeling safe encourages a thief to continue stealing, and he would not feel safe if it wasn't for the Fence. And Society is to blame for letting the Fence System go on, for I believe most of the Fences are known to the police, who allow them to operate for a share of the rake-off.

It is hard for a thief to know whether or not a Fence is realy on the square, for some of them are stool-pigeons and run the business just so they can get information to give to the police. As a result many a man does time because of dealing with them. The Fence, on the other hand, has to be careful for fear of being framed-up, and will not do business with a crook unless another crook who he knows will vouch for him.

After the first crime I committed with Bader he took me to the Fence I refered to and vouched for me. At different times I did considerable business with this man to our mutual good financialy. He would take the gold and diamonds that I would bring him and pay as much as he could for the stuff,

and I always found him square from the thief's standpoint. He always stipulated, however, that he would take only gold and diamonds. Sometimes when Bader and I needed money badly we would take other articles, so had to get other Fences to handle them who we didn't know so well. At times we stocked up with silverware and other articles, and for these goods we had picked out a Fence named Nargel, who run a Pawnshop on E. Fort Street. This man was realy a stool-pigeon for the police, although we did not know of this fact at the time. One day Bader and I took some stolen goods to this Fence. Bader remained outside while I went in to conduct the business. Nargel's store was in sight of the Police Department building, and for this reason Bader thought it wise to watch for officers. Nargel would not pay even one-half of what I thought the goods were worth, so I decided to go to another Fence a few doors away and try him.

I was in this place making a deal when Bader hurriedly entered and told me that the officers were coming. I told the man to hide the stuff and I would return and collect, which I did later; but I remained in the neighborhood long enough to see Nargel point to the place and direct the officers where I had taken the stolen goods for sale, but nothing was found. From that time on we made it our business to inform everyone we knew that Nargel was a stool-pigeon for the police, and only run because of information he gave them. Several attempts were made to kill him later on, none of which proved successful. He sent many of what we considered good men to prison. You know that a thief, in dealing with a Fence, for the protection of both parties always tells the Fence just where the goods were stolen from, and although they may be recovered by the police the Fence, if he be square, never tells who he received them from.

At different times I probably committed over 100 different crimes with Bader and had proven myself to be fairly good at the business, otherwise I could not have remained with him. Bader and I began to do what was known as Sneak work in those days, which was done at meal-time in the following manner: We would walk around untill we discovered some family at the supper table or breakfast, and we would generaly prefer the breakfast hour, as most of the valuables were left in the bed-rooms untill after breakfast. When we discovered such a place one of us would walk boldly up to the front door and enter it if it was not locked. If it was locked we would unlock it, or if it was locked with the key on the inside we would use a pair of "outsiders" and unlock the door and enter. It was always our rule in robbing a house to start from the front and work back, for in case of a hasty departure you will always have the best stuff, as it is generaly found in the large front rooms. We made considerable money at this sneak work; in fact, if I had saved one-half of what I spent foolishly I would have no need to worry over the future. But, as you know, honest money is the only money realy valued and the other kind soon slips away as mine did.

Bader and I had both been properly introduced to a Fence named Kerry, who was a sport and conducted a saloon catering to thieves and sports. Kerry at this time was located at Eighth and Fort Streets, where he also kept game cocks and fighting dogs. He owned at this time a dog named "Jack", who was the World's Champion, which title he gained by licking the dog known as the "Cleveland Whirlwind". This fight was also for the Richard K. Fox emblem, signifying Championship. Kerry's place was the popular hang-out for the sports who came to Detroit, and was always visited by John L. Sullivan when he was in Detroit. So you can imagine

that a boy of my age enjoyed the distinction of being welcomed there.

Kerry, as I have stated, was a Fence for a number of crooks of the better grade and made much money as a result. He made a suggestion that I obtain for him a seal-skin cloak which he wanted to present to his wife.

I remembered at this time the church suppers I had went to while younger, and I knew that every church contained a room set aside for the use of men and ladies to lay aside their wraps. I thought that such a place would be an easy place to get the cloak that Kerry wanted. Looking the papers over I saw an advertisement of an oyster supper to come off at the Grace Church, and after talking over the matter with Bader we decided to try it out, which we did successfully; and received $200.00 from Kerry for our trouble. Kerry then made a deal with us, agreeing to take all seal-skin garments, come as they may, at $100.00 each; and we robbed many churches and some houses in the manner described and made considerable money at it.

I had become acquainted with another sporting saloonkeeper named Donday, who run a saloon on Michigan Avenue. I knew him to be crooked, and he asked me to give him a chance at some of the stuff I got hold of, promising to send all of it to Benny, who run a Fence at Tillsonburg, Canada. At this time I was infatuated with a girl that hung out at Donday's, and in order to make myself solid with him and be near the girl I accepted his offer for myself and Bader, and also because of the fact that about this time he made me a quick loan of $500.00 without security (which I paid). A thief in those days with a good reputation with the sports could borrow on his word alone one-half to one "grand", which was always paid back. Those days are gone forever for most thieves. I and Bader made a sneak one day and

made the best haul I ever had a hand in. We estimated after looking it over that we would realize about ten or twelve thousand dollars for it.

This stuff I insisted on placing with Donday, which was against Bader's wishes. It was our custom to take turns in placing the stuff, for there was always a certain amount of risk in getting picked up on the street carrying the stuff, and there was no need of two taking that risk. I know of a number of good thieves who will always give one-half of the money received from their stuff to the man who sells it for them, although all the chance he takes is in taking it to the Fence. In the job I refer to I placed the stuff with Donday, who promised to have Benny over from Canada to value and buy the stuff. When I called to see Donday the next day I found that he had left for good with our stuff. I also found that he only conducted the saloon for the Brewery and worked on a commission. In those days a trick of that kind ment death for someone, and we certainly looked around for him. Some years later I heard that he had went to Cleveland and started a joint on our money.

It was only a short time after this that I committed the crime that caused me to be sent to Ionia for my second sentence of four years. Most good thieves put aside what we call Fall Money to be used only in case of arrest. At the time I speak of, however, it took all we could make to help support the families of Mitchell and James. My success as a race-horse gambler was no success at all, and it kept us both hustling to gain the money we thought we needed to live properly, so that at the time of my second arrest and conviction I was without Fall Money, and as a result served four years that I could have avoided had I been more careful.

It happened in this way:

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIPER AFFAIR — PROOF THAT SMALL BOYS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD — WHY IS A LOOSE SCREW? — DICKS AND INTERDICTS — THE LONGEST ALLEY IN AMERICA; IONIA AT THE OTHER END.

Bader and I were out one evening looking for a prospect. We finally decided to try a place on Elizabeth Street, and I entered a house owned, I believe, by a man named Piper. I entered the place by the front door, went up stairs and proceded to thoroughly ransack, taking away some jewelry with me. I left as I had entered, by the front door, and in going out I found Bader talking with a small boy on the front steps. It happened that this was a double house, and that the two porches were only separated by a railing. When this young boy came home he found Bader on the steps next door, and Bader asked him who lived in the house next door, as an excuse for his being there. I came out at this time and, not seeing the boy at first, spoke to Bader, and we both left. After we left this place we realized that we had made a serious blunder, and for this reason finaly decided to leave town and agreed to meet and go to Saginaw, Mich., the next day.

I had, from time to time, kept aside certain articles of jewelry which we thought would prove of more value if we should hold them for future sale. This stuff I had hid in the garret of my home, so I promised Bader to go home and get it and meet him the next day, when we would take our trip to Saginaw and dispose of it there, and also steal some more there. While we both agreed that we must leave Detroit I felt that the trip would end in our returning to Detroit, and

I am sure Bader felt the same, although neither of us spoke of it. A thief is a funny creature and shows in many ways that in a sense he is insane. Here we were, two young men wanted by the police, whom we knew had the evidence to convict us; and yet we deliberately returned to what we knew would mean a good, long stretch in the "stir". Can any man explain what would cause anyone to do as we did unless he had a screw loose somewhere?

I met Bader as agreed the next day, and we went to Saginaw, and were selling the stuff to a Fence when an officer came in, and getting suspicious, arrested us; not, however, untill we had been paid for the stuff. We were held in the station for two days and finaly released, but the officers afterwards sent word to Detroit telling of the circumstances of our arrest, and also giving a description of the property; and an officer was sent to Saginaw and identified some of the property as coming from the Piper house. Bader and I in the meantime had returned to Detroit, and were working as usual, not having enough sense to leave the city for good. When we were arrested in Saginaw our descriptions were taken, and it was noticed that the index finger of my left hand was gone, which enabled the police to identify me at once.

A day or so following, as I was eating breakfast at home, I heard the door bell ring. The thought came into my mind instantly that it was the officers after me. I had an instinctive feeling, since the boy had seen Bader and I on the Piper doorstep, that I would be arrested and serve time for the crime; and yet I could have avoided it by leaving the city, and would not do so. Can you explain why thieves will do this—for it happens so in nearly every case? Some people think a thief is smart and clever, and in a sense they are, for some thefts are accomplished under very great difficulties and require

much study and patience to carry out successfully. Yet the very same brain that will conceive such a plan of theft and carry it out will make the man do some foolish act that a normal fifteen-year-old boy would not do.

But to continue: My guilty conscience, or whatever you wish to call it, told me that the officers were after me. I watched through the crack of the hall door as my sister answered the bell, and there sure enough stood a "Dick", Tom Myler by name. I concluded that it was about time for me to move, and I proceeded to do so as hastily as I could, not even waiting to find my hat. I intended to go by the back fence, but a hasty glance in that direction after reaching the yard showed the unfriendly face of another "Dick", Tuttle by name, who was Myler's partner, as you know plain-clothes officers always travel in pairs. I decided to change my rout, and went over the fence of the house next door, and came out on the street and ran a block untill I came to an alley, which I considered a desirable rout. I proceeded on my way in the best time I could make, which I can assure you was very fast, and has never been beaten very much, for, although the professional runner starts at the crack of a pistol, I not only started at the crack of two pistols but ran several times 100 yards to the continual music of the same. It is no joke when I tell you that I heard the whirr of the bullet as it passed my ears.

Some years later an article appeared in a Detroit paper, telling of the chase Myler and Tuttle made after me on that day, and speaking of the noise bullets make as I discribed it.

As I was saying, I was trying to break all speed records and I had the best incentitive for doing so, for I had at the time stolen property tied in a bundle to place with the Fence, and as this stuff had only been got the night before I felt that I must get rid of it. I finaly reached the end of the alley, and

I can swear to this day that that particular alley is the longest in the U. S., and to the additional fact that I traversed it quicker than anyone else has before or since. I thought, as I went over the rout, of the unpleasant times I had while in Ionia, and knew that I was on the road back unless I put on full speed. I turned on to Bagg Street, one block from where I lived. I ran in between two houses, and seeing a small door where the gas meter was, opened it and tried to crawl under the house to hide, but the gas meter filled the space and there was not room for me to enter. So I threw the bundle of stuff under the house and started to run, but was finaly caught and taken to the Central Station.

For a week following I was shown up to the unfortunates who had been robbed, but no one could identify me except the boy who was talking to Bader on the steps when I left the Piper home after looting it; and as the police still held some of the proceeds of that robbery, brought from Saginaw, it was decided to try us on that charge. I will state that the Fence I had who conducted the jewelry store on Michigan Avenue had been foolish enough to place on sale an old piece of antique jewelry I had sold him some time before. This piece of jewelry was so valuable as an antique that he did not have the heart to melt it up for the gold it contained, and as some of the stuff taken from me in Saginaw was from the same place as the antique came from it showed his connection with me. I wish to state at the time of my trial that he was called to testify against me, but swore that I had never at any time sold him anything; and by so doing he got in bad with the police.

I called upon my other Fences and sporting friends to come to my rescue, and they did what they could, which was nothing, for Detroit police were at that time on the square and no fixing could be done. As Bader was seen with me

from time to time by the police he was soon picked up, as the Saginaw police furnished a good discription of him to the Detroit police. After we were placed in jail and talked the matter over it was decided that I was to take the "rap". A good thief will always save his partner if possible, for there is realy no reason why two should suffer if one can do it alone. At the time of my preliminary trial which followed in the police court, I testified that I had met Bader in Saginaw accidently and that the jewelry I sold there belonged to me, and that I had bought it from a stranger, and that Bader knew nothing of it. Of course this story is hardly ever believed, but still it can not be disproved, and as Bader's brother and sister both testified that he was at home at the time in question, he was discharged.

In the State of Michigan there was no Grand Jury, and as a rule the police do not present much of their evidence at the preliminary trial. The lack of this, with the absence of the boy who saw us on the Piper porch, made the case so weak that the judge released Bader. This was Judge Chambers, the best and squarest man ever on the police court bench in Detroit. I was bound over to the Recorder's Court, and Bader was released from jail, and he promised to do all in his power to help me, which he failed to do. About three months after this I was tried and sent to Ionia for four years. This was in the Autumn of 1889. He was convicted and sent to Jackson for five years on a new charge. Before my trial my father had talked with Judge Chambers, who was a personal friend of his, but the judge told him that he could not possibly give me less than I had received at my first conviction from Judge Winn, who had since died. So I was again sentenced as before.

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER MATTERS OF PRISON LIFE AND DISCIPLINE — EFFORT TO KILL NONIGER, THE DEPUTY WARDEN — A HARD WINTER FOR BUMS — MICKEY THE FIDDLER — CLEVER ESCAPE OF TOM ARMSTRONG AND FRENCHY LA FLEUR — RELEASE FROM IONIA.

I can assure you that I entered Ionia Reformatory this second time with a far different feeling than I did the first time. I felt now in no way like a hero, neither did I feel that I was a bad guy, as I walked in this time. I was probably the most dejected and saddest specimen of humanity to be found in Michigan on that day, which was in the fall of 1889, I think. I looked around first for my old friends, of whom I had several — all members of the old gard that hung out at Tom McBane's. My old friend Tom Jones was doing five years at the time, and had a long time still to go, and of course I naturally wished to see him and talk over old times.

I was placed at work on the Cigar Contract, and got along somewhat better than before, as I knew how to conduct myself better after my first experience; yet I did have considerable trouble during my stay there.

During this sentence there was another change of administration, a Democratic Governor being elected for the first time in many years. A former Post-master of Flint, Eugene Parsell, was appointed Warden by Governor Winans, and he proved to be a fine man, doing all he could to help those under his care. The Democrat party was controled in Michigan to a large extent by a man named Gil Noniger. He used his influence and had his brother, Rod Noniger, appointed Deputy Warden of Ionia. Rod had previously been a guard in the prison and had been removed on account of politics. Par-

sell, upon being appointed Warden, had brought his own Deputy to the prison. But you know politics controlls, and Gil Noniger had enough influence to have his brother appointed and Parsell's selection ousted. A warden should have the privilege to pick out those to work under him, otherwise his chances of making a success are slim. Civil Service is a farce in my estimation, so far as it applies to penal institutions. During my first four-year tearm in Ionia Rod Noniger was the keeper in the shoe shop in which I worked. I hated the idea of seeing him placed in such a position, for you know that the Deputy Warden orders all punishments inflicted, and as Noniger was very strict it meant much trouble should he be placed there as deputy.

A short time after his appointment I got in trouble with Noniger, and picked up an axe and tried to hit him with it; but he proved too swift of foot, and after chasing him around the prison for some time I was finaly captured by several guards and placed in the dungeon, and afterwards strapped, and then placed in solitary confinement for a couple of weeks. Naturally, after my attack on Noniger I expected to be severely delt with, but to my surprise he called me into his office for an interview and promised to do all in his power to help me, and from that time on Noniger did all he could to help me. He gave me a job taking care of the lawn, and as he noticed I did not eat much in the big dining-room, placed me in the Bakery to eat. I continued on in this easy way untill my promotion to the Warden House and front lawn.

The food served in Ionia outside of A Grade dining-room and the Bake Shop was very bad. The meat served in the general dining-room was actually rotten, and the flour was of the poorest grade. Probably because some contractor who supplied meat or flour or other goods to the state institutions had a political pull he was able to send such institu-

tions the cheapest grade of goods and collect for the best grade. That tells the story. What was the result? Most of the men were in a bad condition physically, and as a result, unruly.

At that time it was almost impossible to be excused from work for sickness. Why? Because the contractors wanted work and nothing else, and paid to get it, and did get it even when the men were too sick to be up. There was much trouble owing to these conditions, and as a result the dungeons were filled. In order to punish harder Noniger conceived the idea of handcuffing the men with their hands around the iron post in the rotunda. Every night in looking in to the main hall you would see each post decorated with a convict handcuffed to it, and he was generaly in a drooping condition from weakness. The strapping-post was also well used nightly. Altogether Noniger's tearm as Deputy was a success, if punishment denotes success.

At the time I speak of the country police Justices had the power to send petty offenders to Ionia, and as a result the place was filled that winter with several hundred bums, who had selected that place as a nice warm place to spend the winter in. I know of four men who were so anxious to go to Ionia for the winter that each took hold of a corner of a horse blanket and stole it, and each received three months in Ionia. But they did not then know Noniger as they afterwards did or they would have never stolen that blanket. Noniger had no use for a bum, and tried to make life miserable for them. He put them by themselves in a front section of the dining-room in plain view of all, and gave them to eat only the bread and meat left over from the meal before from the other convicts. He also made them work outside in the cold with no underclothes, and made them pull the wagons instead of using horses. The prison records will show that there were not

many bums in Ionia the following winter, and of the few who did go there not one of them had been there the winter before.

Noniger, however, did make an exception in the case of one bum known as Mickey, the Fiddler. Mickey was a bum pure and simple. He was a musical marvel, and entertained us all in chapel each Sunday, and as Noniger loved music his heart softened for Mickey and he treated him better than the other bums. Mickey in his travels had always hung on to his old violin, and as he always traveled by box car the instrument suffered because of it, but he kept it together in some manner, and certainly could bring forth from it music as would compare with any that I had ever heard, and I have listened to some of the best in my day.

Who is there that can condemn Mickey? He did the best he could, with no one to help him. He made us all happy at times with his music. He was realy a harmless bum that loved his liquor. And Society saw that he got it, for did they not place a saloon on every convenient corner?

I want to give you some idea of the condition of the cells. At that time there was about 900 prisoners and 642 cells to place them in; and for this reason the bums realy got the best of us as they were allowed to sleep in the hall on cots, while the long-timers were safely locked in the cells. Each cell, 4½ x 9 ft., contained an iron bunk and straw tick. The floor and ceiling were one solid slab of stone, but the walls were of brick with the morter between them full of holes, which were full of large families of bed-bugs and some other insects contributed by the bums, and it was impossible almost to gain any sleep under these circumstances. Each cell contained also an old iron bucket, to be used as a toilet, and as the buckets had been used for years you can imagine the odor coming from them. We did not have enough blankets

to keep us warm, and life was almost unendurable during the hours of the night, and we were always glad to get out in the morning, although it did mean a hard day's work for a greedy contractor and punishment at night if we failed to do our task. Later on I am going to discribe the model prison now being built at Joliet, and let you see how far this state has advanced in this direction.

During my stay at this time there was a great deal of fighting, especially in the Cigar Shop, owing to the fact that the boys were continuously stealing cigars from each other to complete the task set them by the Contractors, as it was almost impossible to do what they demanded. In the Shoe Shop things were about the same, and a friend of mine, Tiny Prince, tried to cut off his finger in full view of all of us. (This was during my first sentence, and Noniger was keeper at the time.) Another man on the Shoe Contract took a hatchet and cut off his thumb because he was unable to do his task. Tiny Prince will carry a scar to his grave as a result of a greedy prison contractor. He made his mistake in life and paid the penalty. He had the right stuff in him, though, and even although handicapped with the prison stigma, went out, succeeded in a financial way, and is today a respected member of society.

Here I will make a confession I have never made in my life before. The first finger of my left hand is gone. I have always let people think it got cut off accidentally in a machine. Well, it didn't. I cut it off myself like these other men did, in order to cripple myself so I could escape for a little while from the hell of that contract labor at Ionia. I did it by bracing a knife blade against my finger and pounding it with my shoe. That was how bad some of us hated the contract system.

It was about this time that we received as an inmate a man named Blimp, who had a short time before been Super-

intendent of one of our prison contracts, the Murphy Chair Shop. He had robbed the owners of the contract in a business way, and had been arrested, convicted and sent to the prison and placed to work in the very shops he used to manage. I mention this fact to prove that the average man is crooked and takes advantage of the chance when it comes. The only difference between the common thief and a man of Blimp's calabre is that the common thief takes a chance openly, knowing what the results will be, while a man of Blimp's class only steals when they feel sure that they can escape detection. Of course Blimp used his brains in a better way, but from a moral standpoint one is no better than the other.

I was promoted finaly by Noniger to the Warden House and front lawn, as the spring was coming on. I enjoyed this work very much, being allowed the best of food and staying out late in the evening, with better sleeping quarters. One of the extra duties assigned me in the evening was to carry two meals from the Warden's table to the two longest-termed convicts then in the prison, Jim Welsh, 15 years, and Tom Armstrong, 10 years. Welsh was a valuable man in the knitting room, which was run by the State at a profit, and not by contract labor, and because of the fact that Welsh was the only man who could keep the knitting machines in order the Warden considered him entitled to a supper each night. Armstrong was a first-class machinist, and he also received a supper each evening for his work. He was a very quiet, unassuming man, and did not appear to worry very much over his long sentence. Armstrong was taken to different places outside of the prison walls very often to do repair work, and had every chance to escape, but Tom Armstrong proved that he had honorable qualities, for he never betrayed the trust while trusted.

All this time he was planning to escape, and did so in the following manner, and overcame obsticles which would have baffled the ordinary man. His cell was in Cell Block B. Now each cell, besides having a massive door lock also had a brake which also held the door securely, regardless of the door lock. This brake was operated from the far end of the gallery and was kept securely locked and the key held by the guard on duty. The great trouble was to get rid of this brake, which he did by removing it altogether. He had probably worked on the job for 10 days, leaving everything in such shape that it would escape detection every day at inspection, and in order to do this the brake had to be on the door in a secure manner at all times. At the end of the cell block was another building, the bath room, separated from Cell Block B by two heavy doors containing three locks, one of which was a very heavy jug lock of a fine make and supposed to be unpickable. So that in order to gain entrance to the bath room Armstrong had to remove the brake on his door, then unlock the door, relock the same and replace the brake, then walk about 100 feet to the end of the hall and keep out of sight of the night guard, then open two more doors. All of this he successfully did, but how no one knows. After gaining entrance to the bathroom he was met on all sides with barred windows, but he provided for this and used a set of spreaders that he had devised and made for himself, and soon spread the bars far enough apart to get through and scaled the walls and escaped; and I believe never was recaptured.

When I arrived at Tom's cell that evening with his supper and the night guard started to throw the brake and unlock the door we found no Tom to receive us. The guard was dumfounded. I, of course, did not know at first what had happened, as the condition of the cell showed nothing wrong. The guard searched the cell, even looking into the bucket,

but did not find Tom. What makes this escape so interesting was the fact that Armstrong was at work all that afternoon outside the prison walls and could have walked off undetected and escaped had he desired. He escaped a few minutes after he entered his cell in the evening (5 p. m.) for the evening count, and at the time when the night guards go on duty and are supposed to be most diligent.

The Warden in speaking of this case said: "Tom Armstrong proved himself to be a man and took no advantage of me when I trusted him. He escaped on the square, and while it is my duty to try to recapture him, I hope I will not succeed in doing so."

Another interesting escape was that of Frenchy La Fleur. The chapel was over the main rotunda, and of course the lower windows were barred. There were, however, four large round windows about 25 feet from the floor that were not barred. La Fleur had been a tight rope acrobat, and having no fear of high places conceived the idea of going through one of these windows, which he did in the following manner. He hid in the chapel one night after school, and after all had left he tied a long rope to a stool and threw the stool through one of these round windows. Then he drew back the stool until it caught securely on the window sash and pulled himself up hand over hand; then tied the rope securely to the sash and slid to liberty. He was later recaptured and placed in stripes and ball-and-chain.

Some time later two prisoners, Smith and Miller, boldly took a ladder, placed it against the wall and started to go over, and not heeding the warnings of the wall guard, were fired upon and Miller was killed. Although this attempt was bold and required much nerve, it was also foolish, and Miller lost his life in the effort. The cause of this escape was the result of much punishment inflicted on both as a result of contract labor.

As the time of my release was nearly at hand I was forming my plans for the future. I believed that as Society was against me that I should get even with Society. I thought I could go out and steal successfully, as I laid my second imprisonment to an error on my part and thought I could avoid all errors in the future. I expected great financial returns for my efforts, as I had outlined my plans. The day finaly came and I was called into the Warden's office for release and to receive a railroad ticket to Grand Rapids, Mich., and from the State of Michigan the magnificent sum of three dollars, for nearly four years' labor. The State considered this enough to start the battle with. I did have fifty dollars of my own money sent to me by my father, but the fact remains that many men have to leave that one, and other prisons, improperly clothed and without enough money to pay a week's board with. A man to make a new start in life should have at least a change of clean clothes and at least money enough to pay his board untill his first pay day. How could you expect a man to succeed with less than this? Could you or anyone else do so?

This was on the 12th of May, 1893, and I decided to go to Chicago to the World's Fair (just started) and make my pile, first making a brief trip to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CHAPTER VI.

CHICAGO DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR — TECHNIQUE OF SAFE-BLOWING, SOUP AND BOOZE — WORK AS A HOTEL SNEAK AND AS A DIP — THIMBLES VERSUS POKES — HARD TIMES AFTER THE FAIR.

My object in going to Grand Rapids was to carry a message to the family of one of the boys confined in Ionia. This I did, after which I took the boat to Milwaukee, and from there to Chicago, where I arrived May 15th, 1893. I secured a room and looked around for a few days untill I located some of the boys, and finaly run across Bigfoot, a Peterman, whom I had known in Detroit. A Peterman is a safe-blower, and I had a general idea as to how this work was done, having had it explained to me while in Ionia. Bigfoot knew me to be O. K. and let me fill in on his mob, which consisted of four men, all of Detroit. I must at this time be careful of what I write for good reasons, as some of the boys must be kept out of this story and I can't use names. However, I can state that I worked on several jobs with this mob, but we did not get a great deal of coin, as it had to go four ways (be divided between four men).

To blow a safe in those days was labor. We used powder and had to drill the hole to insert the same, and this required work. To get in just the required amount of powder is to save much trouble and labor, and the man who can do this is the man who knows his business from experience. Bigfoot never used soup so far as I know, as the up-to-date man does. Today there is not so much hard work with the soup, but the danger if arrested is worse, as a mob these days goes prepared not only to get the stuff but also to fight and stall off the whole

town, if necessary, in doing so. In the old days, forty years ago, a safe-blower was considered at the head of the criminal class.

Take the case of the Manhattan Bank robbery, the largest in history, where over $3,000,000 was taken by Jimmy Hope, James Dunlap and others. Read the history of that case and others of that time and note the patience and ingenuity of those who committed them. You will see that they all were intelligent above the ordinary, and had they used their intelligence in the right direction would have succeeded in life. But they did not do so, and having something to conceal could not do so, and made the usual blunder thieves always do, and suffered accordingly, proving my theory: a screw loose somewhere.

I shall not go into the details of the few jobs I did with Bigfoot for the reason I stated. Some years later I was with a Chicago mob who used the soup and I shall never forget my first experience in thrashing the soup out, which is done as follows. Dynamite is placed in warm water and seperated and the oil (nitro) collected. Then you have soup. It is the fumes of the soup that makes you sick, and I can assure you it is no pleasant feeling, although it soon passes away. Bigfoot desired to make a trip to Michigan at this time, and as I did not wish to go we parted, and I have never seen him or any of the gang since.

About this time I met another thief I knew from Detroit, a hotel sneak named Richardson. This man had made lots of money at the business, and was considered good by the men who had worked with him. He had made lots of money but his failing was liquor, and it was while I was with him that I acquired my taste for liquor, because while with him I was continualy drinking with him to satisfy his ideas of good fellowship. It is the continual drinking that forms the habit.

Before, I drank very little. After my stay with Richardson I found that I had acquired the habit and nothing but whiskey would satisfy me; and I can trace two of my crimes afterwards committed to liquor illegally sold to me, each time on Sunday, at which time each crime was committed. The laws Society makes do not excuse a man for any crime committed under the influence of liquor. Yet liquor will cause most any man to do things while drunk that he would not do while sober. The two crimes I committed took place on Sunday, and the law said drinking places must remain closed on that day. Why did not Society enforce this law? Had they done so it would have saved me many years' imprisonment. I never realy blamed the saloon-keeper or even liquor for my trouble. I do think, though, that all laws should be impartially enforced, and not at special times and against the less fortunate, as is usualy the case.

But to continue: My next step was to become a hotel worker. A hotel worker is in many ways similar to a house worker. We would work the rooms both at night and during the day. As I have stated, at that time the old-fashioned lock was still in use. We would enter by the use of our screws and rob the room and work as many rooms as we could, and we always left by the ladies' entrance. The late hours of the night is the best time to gain results at hotel work as there are less people in the halls to observe your movements, and as I stated about house work, all of the stuff is there. However, the breakfast hour is also good and we worked then as well.

Richardson and I worked all of the big hotels in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and K. C. at different times, and did house work as well. My success financially was fair, but we spent it as fast as we made it and had to hustle continualy to keep going.

I was introduced at that time to a Pawn Broker who promised to handle what I got and who always advanced me money when I needed it. In fact I generaly owed him money. It was my custom to go into this man's place and change my clothes and go out and steal, return, give him the stuff, change back into my own clothes and leave. This man had a large number of thieves working for him and is today worth several million I suppose, showing that sometimes dishonest money can be held. On the other hand take the case of James Dunlap, who helped Jimmie Hope rob the Manhattan Bank of over 3 million dollars. He is in Chicago, or was a short time ago, making a poor but honest living, with nothing left from his big haul.

Richardson and I would leave Chicago and go to St. Louis, steal what we could, ship it to the Chicago Fence, move on to K. C., do the same thing there and then return to Chicago. Of course during the World's Fair we wished to stay in Chicago as much as possible, so made our trips elsewhere as short as we could. We not only worked the Hotels but the private houses as well, but during our travels together never made what you would call a realy big haul. In fact, the largest haul I ever made was the one I stole in Detroit and placed in Donday's hands, only to be beat out of it by him. The next largest was in Toledo, the particulars of which I will relate later.

Richardson went east about July and I joined hands with a dip that I had known in Ionia. He was what was known as a Thimble-getter. A dip means a pickpockett and a thimble means a watch. He and I would go out and get into a crowd and I would stall and he would do the tool work. A tool steals the watch and the stall hides his movements while he does the work. A good stall is invaluable to a good tool and one earns and gets as much as the other. A dip who takes

nothing but thimbles is not thought much of. Neither is a Moll Buzzer who is a dip who picks womens' pocketts. A realy good dip is one who robs men of thier pokes and he requires from one to three stalls to help him, but the reward is better even at that. I never liked this graft and very rarely filled in on a mob, but have done so at times.

During the Fair the town was wide open. The saloons never closed and gambling rooms were also wide open and had cappers in front of thier places calling out that all gambling games were running inside, &c. You can imagine that to me this was a pleasant event in my life and I lost all that I did not drink up, for I did not need Richardson to induce me to drink now for I had acquired the taste for liquor and then more liquor.

Poor Richardson probably drank himself to death and I feel that I am alive today probably from the fact that I have been kept in prison and could not get it. I kept on in this manner untill the Fair was over and suddenly times became hard. You will remember the Panic of 1894. In Chicago people were out of work and the churches and also the city run free soup kitchens. Work could not be had at any price and script was issued because of the fact that the manufacturers could not secure the money to pay those who they employed.

It has been claimed that not more than a dozen bankers in the U. S. were responsible for this condition of affairs and which was caused for political reasons, and if this be true is is not time that the laws be changed and enforced? So that we do away with panics for all time, for they certainly were the cause of much crime, for most men will steal and some kill before they will see their families starve or suffer as many did during that Panic.

This state of affairs was the cause of most of the thieves leaving Chicago, but the same condition prevaled everywhere so that they gained nothing by leaving. About this time I ran across a young man named Allen who I met in Ionia. He was traveling around the city with a Chicago kid named Butler and a fellow named Curly who was Butler's cousin. These three young men had been hustling, trying in their own way to make some money. Butler's brother was an employe of the W. U. T. Co., being a collector for the same. He would go from one city office to another once a month and gather the month's receipts and turn them into the Main office. He agreed to let us know the day he was to collect and we were to meet him on the trip and tie him up, take the money, and I promised to put his away and take care of it untill everything was quiet. I remained in Chicago untill the time came but Butler got cold feet and refused to go on with the plan and the job fell through.

I left for Detroit and shortly afterwards ran across Allen, Butler and his cousin Curly again, and by doing this gang a favor I was arrested and sent to Jackson for a sentence of 5 years.

CHAPTER VII.

ALLEN, BUTLER AND CURLY: A WARNING TO AMATEUR CROOKS — INSPECTOR MAGEE AND THE THIRD DEGREE — ANOTHER DOUBLE CROSS — FREE TRIP TO DETROIT, FOLLOWED BY CONVICTION FOR RECEIVING STOLEN PROPERTY — ATTEMPTED ESCAPE FROM WAYNE COUNTY JAIL — BEGINNING OF FIVE YEARS' SENTENCE AT JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

These young men, Allen, Butler and Curly, had went to Detroit with the intention to steal. Neither one of the trio knew anything about stealing, thier idea being to break in and steal and carry away what they could get hold of and sell it for what it would bring in the pawn shops.

This gang got to Detroit sometime before I did and proceeded to dig in and steal so that when I first met them they had sold so many different articles to the pawn shops that they were afraid to take a chance to return to those places and sell any more. Young Allen told me how they were fixed and asked me to fix them up with a Fence. I refused to do this as I did not know any of them well enough to take a chance with them, and it was a lucky thing for the Fence that I did not as things turned out. I told these men that I would sell thier stuff and take my share, one fourth, for so doing. This was agreed to, and they started to dig in, and for a gang that knew nothing about stealing they did very well and collected considerable good jewelery which I sold for them.

At this time I still desired the girl I liked so well who used to hang out at Donday's. I had given her money (as the average thief does) and stolen jewelery which she always wore. I also sent her money from Chicago and other places

while away. Although most girls get such men as I was in trouble, I never got in trouble by or through her.

When a thief dresses his girl up and lets her wear stolen jewellery, he makes a fool of himself and generally finds it out when he reaches the Penitentiary. An old saying among thieves is never to trust a woman or a kid, and it is good advice to follow. This girl, Hazel, turned out to be square from the thief's standpoint. She realy never asked me for a dollar and for that reason I wished to help her all I could and did so.

I missed Bader who was still in Jackson prison finishing a five year sentence, and Richardson was in the East somewhere; I would not work with Allen and his bunch so I concluded to work alone and do slow work. A man working alone is better off realy than with a partner because, of course, all he gets is his own; but for the sake of safety it is better to have a partner. I did not, however, do much for I was arrested upon information given by young Butler which happened as follows:

One morning early I was reading the morning paper and came across a news item telling of the arrest of Allen, Butler and Curly the evening before for Burglary. After thinking the matter over hastilly I made up my mind to return to Chicago and inform Butler's brother of his arrest and advise him what to do to help his brother out of the trouble. Butler's brother is the one who had agreed to let us rob him of the receipts he collected belonging to the Western Union Telegraph Co., but got cold feet.

I returned to Chicago and saw young Butler (the brother) and informed him of the situation. I told him that the only way for his brother to beat the "rap" was to get all the money he could and furnish bond and beat it. Butler made a date to meet me at Joe Friedman's saloon, No. 395 S. Clark St., the following night to further talk over matters, saying he would inform his parents of the situation.

I was at Friedman's the next night and so were two Central Station "dicks" who arrested me and took me to the Central Station. Butler had as an uncle a man every thief in Chicago hated who was the late Inspector Magee. I did not, of course, know this or I never would have had anything to do with Butler. Butler informed his parents of his brother's arrest in Detroit and told all he knew about me also and why I was in Chicago. They went down and informed Inspector Magee of the situation, with the result that I was arrested and brought to the Central Station of which Magee had charge at that time. I was questioned by Magee and denied any connection whatever with the crime that Allen and Magee's nephews were under arrest in Detroit for.

Inspector Magee was in his day the most brutal police official in Chicago. He also did more to advance the stool pigeon evil than any other police officer in the U. S. He is the man who is said to have introduced the custom of removing a defenceless prisoner from his cell and then have several brutal police officers put him through the Third Degree.

One of the most shameful and unjust things in our present way of dealing with crime is this Third Degree. I do not know where the term originated, but I do know full well what it means. It means to obtain from some unfortunate by all of the cruel methods you can imagine a confession to a crime of which the culprit is sometimes guilty and sometimes not guilty.

Chicago in particular for many years allowed her police officials to obtain confessions in this manner. During my life in Chicago it was the custom of the police of the different stations, upon the arrest of a man, to first question him and try to get him to admit his guilt of the crime charged. This, of course, is entirely proper and legal; but if the man refuses to confess (and he certain has this legal right, be he guilty

or not guilty), he is then generally removed to some room and beaten nearly to death by several brutal police officials untill he is willing to confess to anything to escape further brutal treatment. This is the method used in nearly all cases where confessions are obtained, and it is rarely necessary to go any further to extract any desired confession in any case. Some of my friends tell me it is still in use by the Chicago police.

There has been, however, cases where murder was charged where the ordinary methods would or could not be used, and a different method would be used. Let me cite for instance: While in Joliet I had as a cell mate for two years a young man named Edgar Hettinger, No. 5128. During this time I came to know him intimately, and I firmly believe the story he told me. Edgar was arrested, tried and convicted for the murder of Mrs. Middleton (I believe), and was sentenced to hang. He was arrested for this murder one evening after he had returned from his work, for he worked for his living. The police removed him to the station and charged him with the murder, which he denied. He was held in the station and continualy nagged, and at no time allowed to sleep. At times he would drop into a doze, exausted by the many hours of sleepless confinement, but at no time was he allowed to sleep by the brutal police officers who so much desired this confession. Finaly, after many hours of such torture and starvation, the police promised Edgar that if he would confess they would allow him to sleep and also order him a fine meal, after which he could go to a show. Please consider that Edgar was under twenty years old when all of this happened. Do you believe that had he been realy guilty that he could have withstood several days of cross-examination and concealed the fact of his guilt? This boy, I believe, is innocent, and the only reason for his arrest in the first place was that the police of this particular station, realizing their own iniffeciancy,

believed that by arresting some weak-minded boy that they could, if they applied the Third Degree properly, extract a confession; and poor Edgar happened to be the unfortunate selected in this case. I may add that he probably would have been hanged had not good people finaly taken a hand in the matter and had the sentence changed to life imprisonment.

Edgar is now, and has been for over seven years, in prison for what I honestly believe is a bum rap—for he had no reason for not telling me the truth, and he had nothing to gain by not doing so. As a direct result of the Third Degree society decreed that a boy less than twenty years old should spend the rest of his life in prison. And he is only one of many.

I will venture to say—and if given a chance would endeavor to prove—that I can take the Chief of Police of Chicago or any other city, and by applying the same methods, compell him to sign a written confession of any crime I wish.

Is it not time for society to put an end to such things as these?

But to go on with my story: I was removed to Detroit by Detective Alonzo Baker in a day or two following my arrest and taken to the Central Station and from there to the County Jail. At the preliminary trial which followed in the police court I was bound over to the Recorders' Court upon the unsupported testimony of young Butler. Later I was placed on trial before Judge Chaplin.

At my trial Butler testified that I had sold much stolen stuff, including a dimond sunburst that I was being tried for as having Received Stolen Property. Young Allen, who was arrested and who previous to this had entered a plea of guilty, testified that I had never sold any property for them. The police had nothing to show against me at the trial and the dimond sunburst was not used as evidence as they could not

produce it. I was convicted upon the unsupported word of Butler and sentenced at once to five years in Jackson Prison, the extreme penalty at that time for receiving stolen property.

On the way back to jail I tried to slug Butler but was badly beaten up myself as the officers thought I was trying to escape.

Butler was released upon suspended sentence upon the recommendation of Inspector Magee. Allen received 3 years in Jackson and Curly was held in jail for some time and also released.

At this time we men had planed an escape from the jail. We had been caught trying to make a hole through the rear wall of 4 ft. of solid stone and were watched as a result. Wayne Co. jail at that time consisted of 4 wards for men and each ward contained 13 cells. The entrance of each ward was in the form of a cage with two doors. In order to enter one guard would enter the first door and be locked in the cage by another guard outside. The inside guard would then unlock the inner door, pass the key of the same to the outside guard and then enter the hall containing the cells. We were at liberty in this inner hall all day long. We men in Ward 2 were in the habit of asking the guard to send Kane, the barber who was waiting trial in Ward No. 1, to our ward to cut our hair, &c.

We had noticed that one guard in particular in letting Kane in Ward 2 had at times done so without the aid of the outside guard. We planned to work this break on Sunday when only two guards watched the whole jail. He let Kane in at our request but had the outside guard as a helper, so our only chance was that he would work alone when he let Kane out to go to his own ward.

Sure enough Gus, the guard, came along about 4 P. M. to let Kane out. We waited untill he opened the outside and

was in the cage when we jumped on him and all of us got into the hall, and from there to the jail yard which was surrounded by a wall, but only two of us succeeded in getting over it, a man named Walters and another named Lock. This break I think was the cause of my getting the limit, also the cause of my removal to Jackson prison as soon as sentenced. Sherif Collins was afraid that I would try and escape, and not only got two U. S. deputy marshals to remove me to the prison but got me so drunk before taking me away that the prison officials at first refused to receive me, finaly doing so, locking me up to sober up untill the next day.

When I woke up the next day after my drunk, I found myself in the smallest cell it had ever been my misfortune to occupy and I am glad to say that they have been torn down and replaced by modern cells since. These cells were about 2½ by 9 ft. and the walls and beds were full of bed bugs. The doors were solid, having small holes in them about one foot apart. The two main wings East and West were alike containing cells of this kind, but the East end contained 36 large fine cells for the use of life men who had been there many years. The West end contained another cell block of 146 cells, as I remember, and these cells, which were also large, were used for those men who had the hard work to do on the Withington and Cooley contract, the Grinders, Trip Hammer men and the metal Polishers.

CHAPTER VIII.

SELF-GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTS AT JACKSON — SIDELIGHTS ON THE PRISON CONTRACT SYSTEM, RIOTING AND VIOLENCE — LATTIMER POISONS THE GUARDS.

The Michigan State Prison at Jackson, when I entered it in the summer of 1894, was far ahead of any of the other prisons in the U. S. in humane treatment of prisoners and few prisons are as far advanced today as Jackson was then. It is a real pleasure for me to be able to commend the acts of Wm. Chamberlain who was warden at that time and I shall now try and give you an idea of how the prison was managed which was a mild form of Self Government which I believe Warden Chamberlain was the first warden to introduce and which the Hon. Thomas Mott Osborne made a success of at Sing Sing untill he was interfered with by jealous politicians.

The main cog in our Self Government machine was what we called our Conference Committee which was composed of one man from each shop elected to that position by the men of the shop he represented. This committee met in the Band room to confer every night in the week and had free access to the warden at all times. Anytime any man had a suggestion or a complaint to make he did so to the committee man of his shop and he in turn would report the same to the whole committee. The question at issue would then be placed in writing and each committeeman would report the same back to the men in their respective shops who would vote on it. Then the committee would take the matter up again in the committee room and act in accordance with the majority vote

of the men of the prison and if it was a question requiring the Warden's sanction, would call upon him and generaly receive the same.

This, as I said, was the first attempt so far as I know at a mild form of self government of any prison in the U. S. Although we had not got to that stage where we were allowed to make the rules and enforce them, still all matters of importance to the men were submitted to the men through thier Conference Committee by the Warden.

The men did, however, make certain rules and enforce them. Jackson, as all prisons do, contained some hoodlams who always were aganst law and order. Most of the men believe that discipline was necessary for our own protection from the hoodlams. We men in Jackson wished to conduct ourselves so that rigid discipline would not be necessary and in this effort received the hearty approval of the Warden and other prison officials.

We would go out twice a week for recreation in the yard and once in a while one of the hoodlams would start a fight but he never did so again as he would be properly slugged by the other boys as an example to other would-be trouble makers. There was at that time four literary societies conducted for the benefit of the men. An inmate could join any one of these societies and be allowed to attend one night in every two weeks, at which time a good programe would be presented consisting of songs, debates, and other forms of entertainment presented by the inmates and outside talent.

These meetings were very entertaining and also instructive as well and at that time Jackson contained many men who were mentaly very bright. For instance: John Higgins, Billy Burns, Fisher, Jack Hazzard and Irving Lattimer who has been there 30 years and who is still there, I suppose, as a result of an escape which I will describe below.

Lattimer was a drug clerk and run a drug store in Jackson, Mich. and was in prison for the murder of his step-mother (as he told me; although the papers said it was his own mother). Being a drug clerk he was placed in charge of the hospital and spent his time at night hanging around the lower guard hall. He made a pitcher of lemanode one night and put poison in it and Night Capt. Gill was nearly killed and gate-keeper Hoigt was killed instantly by drinking it. Lattimer took a cane, reached through the bars with the cane and pulled the lever and opening the door, walked out, went through Hoigt's pockets, took all of his money and escaped, but was recaptured the next day and returned to the prison.

As there is no capatal punishment in Michigan, there was no use in trying him again as he was serving a life sentence at the time, but because of this escape and murder he has never been able to secure his release and probably never will. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, better known as "The Little Mother", tried to induce the Governor of Michigan some time ago to parole Lattimer to her promising to look after him for the rest of his life, but he would not heed her request and Lattimer will probably die in Jackson prison.

We also had at that time monthly lectures by men of note which were paid for by the State. Each literary society was conducted by the inmates. We generaly elected as president an officer but all the other offices were held by inmates and out meettings were conducted in a first class manner and a high grade of entertainment offered. We had a first class brass band of about 25 pieces and also a string orchestra of about 40 pieces which rendered very fine music. There was also a large Banjo Club, also a guitar club. In fact all kinds of good music was furnished at Jackson in those days.

Jackson Prison was then under the Contract system but the Warden and Conference Committee saw to it that the

men received a square deal. A reasonable amount of work was required and no more; and as there was no silent system, the men felt more like men and did the work cheerfully and also got paid for the extra work they did for the contractors.

A man in those days could make from $7 to $75.00 a month extra and most of the men took advantage of this opportunity and as a result left the prison in a position to face the world with some chances for success so far as money would contribute toward such chance. The officers of this prison were all very reasonable and seemed to be willing to cooperate not only with the Warden but with the inmates as well, to make things run smoothly. None of the officers of this prison were under Civil Service, proving my theory that officers of Penal institutions should be under the sole command of the warden and no one else and subject to removal.

With the right kind of warden in charge and the right kind of officers and with contract labor abolished there is no reason why prisons should not realy be Reformatories as well as be a good investment for the money and pains invested by society. Men in this prison were allowed to make articles in their cells at night and such articles were sent away or sold in the prison guard hall to visitors at the prison. Some of the men were able in this way to make considerable extra money. Each man was allowed to have musicall instruments in his cell and nearly every man had a canary bird in or in front of his cell so that with the birds and instruments there was plenty of music.

The food served was very good as the warden in my estimation was a strictly honest man. There was no graft in Jackson prison so the inmates got what the State of Michigan paid for and as a result the food was very fair. We were also allowed and generaly did make out our own bill of fare.

This was done by the suggestions made by the men to thier committee man who would present such suggestions to the whole committee who would then act on it and would present the matter to the Warden for approval.

Things ran smoothly for over two years of my stay in Jackson prison untill the big riot which took place two days before Thanksgiving day 1896 and for the following reason:

The State of N. Y. had abolished contract labor in the prisons of that state, and the shirt shop in one of the prisons (Auburn, I think) had made a new contract with the Michigan officials and were to employ convicts in Jackson to do their work. These contractors hearing of the easy times the men enjoyed at Jackson resolved to put an end to it and to show the Mich. officials how to run a prison and especialy a contract.

Before these contractors had their sewing machines installed we were given to understand what we might expect. This news of course did not suit the men but after talking the matter over we concluded to give these people a trial and also a square deal and also see how square they would act in return. Many of us at that time were not working at all as the Webster Wagon contract had left the prison for good and the Shirt Shop was moving in to their old shops.

This Shirt Shop was to be managed by an ex-officer from the prison the contractors had moved from in N. Y. state. He was what we would call to-day Hard Boiled and was noted in N. Y. prisons for his brutality. These facts became known to us; but as I have stated we concluded to give him a trial and try to educate him to the error of his ways if possible.

This shop was finaly opened with a full force of employes from the N. Y. prison who were to act as foremen, &c. For the first two weeks nothing happened as we were supposed to have at least one month in which we were supposed to

learn our respective duties. We naturaly expected as in the other shops that a reasonable task would be set for each man and all over would be paid for as overtime; but in making thier contract with the Michigan Consolidated Prison Board this clause must have been left out, and the contractors refused to set a definite task, asking that all of the men be compelled to work at high speed all day from bell to bell.

We had worked about three weeks when one of the imported foreman, backed up by the Hard boiled Supt., began to report the men for not doing enough work, although the month we had to learn in had not expired and no definite task had been set. Officer Kelly tried in every way to smooth the matter over and make peace but could not do so. The Warden took a hand and was unable to do anything. We were informed that the Governor had issued orders that we must work as the Contractors planed.

This condition of affairs soured many men in the prison aganst the Warden and Deputy Warden, A. C. Northrop. They blamed them for the whole situation although neither were to blame as was afterwards proven.

There were in this shop several men who were realy dangerous and prehaps Dick Huntly was the worst of the lot. Huntly was serving a 25 year sentence for Stick-up and was from Detroit. His companions, each doing 25 years, were Preston and Galagher. Huntly, who acted as leader of the riot which followed, picked out a man named Curly (not the Curly before mentioned), a man named Archie, another named O'neil and several others. It was agreed that nothing less than a severe beating, and to also destroy all machinery if possible, would be the only way to give these greedy contractors a lesson that would do them any good.

The day set to put this plan in operation was the Friday after Thanksgiving as it was intended to talk the matter over

with men in the other shops for help in the matter during Thanksgiving day when we were all at liberty together. This plan would have been carried out on the day set but Whiskers, the foreman, reported Huntly on Tuesday on another matter, so instead of waiting, he started it that day.

Six men at this time acted as sluggers and proceeded to slug all foreman and then attended to the Hard boiled Supt. as well. After they got through with him he had 2 or 3 broken ribs. Finaly he got away and said he could not be paid enough money to return inside those walls and he never did return. During the slugging the two keepers were instructed to remain on their benches which they did. Several other men took hammers and proceeded to break up costly machines.

During the riot one convict named Kit Carson jumped out of the window and ran to the Deputy's office and informed him of the trouble and he proceeded to the shop where Huntly and the rest of the sluggers were waiting for him. As soon as the Deputy entered the door he was grabbed, taken into the yard and slugged and received a broken collar-bone from which he was a long time in recovering.

It was decided by the State officials to try Huntley, Archie, Curly and O'Neil for assault with intent to kill. O'Neil demanded a separate trial and never was tried, being released when his time expired. The other three were tried on that charge and were convicted and sentenced to 10 years each, the maximum penalty; the sentence to start at the expiration of their original sentence. They were returned to prison and placed in the East End (which had been emptied for this use) with 13 other men who were active during the riot, and two new guards hired to look after this gang, an ex-policeman of Jackson and a man named Hough. They were required to work in thier cells and because of this became unruly and

knocked the ex-policeman from the gallery breaking his leg, which had to be amputated as a result. They also put out one of Hough's eyes with a broom stick.

Later on Huntly, Curly and my old friend Tom Jones, who was now here doing another 5 years, and about 40 others were transfered to Marquette Prison which the Consolidated Prison Board had decided to turn into a incorrigable prison. Huntly & Curly had much trouble there. Huntly tried to kill Deputy Mosier who was an ex-Jackson officer. Huntly was also shot at this time, but lived to get out later, being paroled as it was thought he would die. But he lived and was well the last I heard of him.

I have described as fully as I can this riot and the causes that led up to it. After that riot Jackson prison never was the same and probably never will be managed so efficiently and successfully as it was untill then.

There were many men confined there of more than ordinary intelligence. Take the case of Tom Navin, the Ex-kid Mayor of Adrian, Michigan, sent there for 10 years who, while in prison, studied law and after release was admitted to the bar and was the best criminal lawyer in Michigan. He became prominent in politics and was finaly appointed by the Governor as a member of the Jackson Prison Board and while a member of that Board caused those little 2½ x 9 cells to be torn down and replaced by large modern cells and saved the State a large sum of money in the construction of the same. He is an honor to that State today, as is Norval W. Hawkins, who was the convict clerk in the shirt shop office when the riot took place and who, after he went out, proved himself so valuable that later he was chief over all in the Ford Sales Dept. and is today worth several millions.

Such are two of the men who I can mention who have made a grand success although branded with the name "ex-convict".

CHAPTER IX.

RELEASE FROM JACKSON — KANE EXCHANGES A PRISON CELL FOR A PRISON CELL — IN WHICH DIAMONDS GROW ON BUSHES — RESTORATION OF DIAMONDS, AND SENTENCE — ILLNESS AND PAROLE — A NEW START IN CLEVELAND —— HEFRON BITES THE HAND THAT FEEDS HIM — SENTENCE TO COLUMBUS.

Kane, the jail barber, had come to Jackson about the same time I did. As he was known as a good prowler, I made him an offer to travel and steal with him after we got out. We agreed to meet in Toledo.

Upon my discharge, in October, 1898, I left for Toledo by way of Detroit, where I stopped to deliver a couple of messages for two of the boys in prison. After delivering these messages and seeing my favorite sister for a short visit, I left on the boat for Toledo where I had promised to meet Kane who had still one week to stay in Jackson before release.

After reaching Toledo I secured a room in a private house on Erie St. and proceeded to enjoy myself untill Kane should arrive. I soon found a place run by the notorious Pearl Garvin, a colored saloon keeper and Sport, who I had heard of and who had the reputation of being square. Garvin run his saloon under what was known as a Club license and was allowed to run gambling games under this license. There was always a large number of sports, mostly white men, who came to Garvin each night to gamble and the stakes were high. I soon lost all the money I had earned in Jackson and when Kane arrived a few days later, I was broke.

The day that Kane reached Toledo I was at the Depot to meet him and you can imagine my surprise when I found him

handcuffed to an officer who was taking him to Hamilton, Ohio, to be tried on an old charge. While Kane was in the Detroit jail, over five years before he had been identified as being wanted in Hamilton and after his sentence had expired, the officers were on hand to arrest him on this old charge and were taking him there when I met him in Toledo.

The officer allowed me to talk to Kane while waiting for thier train and Kane told me that the only thing I could do was to get hold of all of the money I could and send it to him at Hamilton as he believed that with money he could fix the case. This I promised to do and started to dig in.

Mayor Jones of Golden Rule fame was in office at this time and all of his subordinates were good men and believed in Living and to Let Live and the result was that Toledo was the "hang out" of many of the good thieves in the country.

I had made up my mind to hustle alone as I wanted to spring Kane as soon as I could so I started to dig in. I did two or three jobs every day nearly but I could not connect with anything good. I did at this time what many fools that try to steal do—I sold what I stole at Pawn Shops and second hand stores and it was not long before I had no place to sell anything as I had sold stuff in each place once and that was enough, and I also knew that some of this stuff had been recovered and that the police were looking for me.

One evening about a week after Kane had been taken to Hamilton, I was out looking for a prospect. I was on a fine residence street and finding a rich looking house, I concluded to try it.

I walked up to the front door, tried it, found it unlocked. I walked upstairs and went to the front bedroom door, but hearing two ladies talking in the room, went to the next bedroom behind and tried that door which was also unlocked. I entered this room but found it dark. There was a double

door between this door and that of the room in front where the ladies were still talking and for this reason, I was afraid to light the gas. All thieves in those days carried a box of the old style white headed sulphur match which you would light without making any noise, but I concluded to work in the dark. There was also in the room with me a small dog which was in there when I entered. But he was of the friendly breed, being a pup, and also of the noiseless kind which of course, was lucky for me.

I searched this room by feeling around and I secured a valuable diamond stick pin on the dresser and finaly picked up a jewel box that was heavy and concluding that I had got everything of value, I opened the door, walked downstairs and out the door without meeting anyone.

I proceeded to my room on Erie St. and after locking the door, I broke open the box and found myself in possession of about $4,500 worth of first water diamonds, as was afterwards proven.

I realized that I had more than enough to secure Kane's release if I could get a Fence to handle it. I was afraid to go to Detroit as I had been stopped at Woodward and Michigan Ave. by a "dick" who knew me, the day after my release from Jackson and warned to leave the city. Besides, during my long stay in Jackson, I had lost track of my Fences in Detroit and I did not wish to walk around Detroit with my pocketts full of stolen property, so I finaly made up my mind to separate the diamonds and to take them to N. Y. City for sale and in order to get expenses for this trip, I concluded to take a chance on Pearl Garvin and offer to sell him some of the less expensive stuff.

I made two packages of the stuff and leaving my room, proceeded to Garvin's which was also on Erie St. some blocks away. I passed through a vacant lot and taking the package

containing the diamonds, picked up an old piece of newspaper that the wind was blowing about, twisted it around the package of diamonds and placed it securely in a burr bush. This lot was over-run with tall grass and bushes with old paper blowing about and I figured that the stuff would be safe in this spot.

I went through the lot and going into Garvin's place, found that he was out and after waiting for sometime, went upstairs and hid the package I had kept for him, on the top of a wardrobe standing in the hall and left for my room where I remained for the night.

The next morning I went to Garvin's intenting to make the sale. I waited below untill about 8 o'clock when he came down stairs to go out to his breakfast as he did not allow his wife (who was a white woman) to cook in his house, and he went to a restaurant for his meals. He called me aside and asked me why I had placed stolen property in his house. I, of course, did not know that he had found the stuff but he showed me that he had and I told him I had no other place to put it and had intented to sell it to him. He said "Where are the Diamonds? I will buy them but do not care for any other kind of stuff."

He asked me to take the stuff away after I had told him I had no diamonds. I had began to get suspicious of him as I could not understand how he could know how I had secured any diamonds in this theft. I told Garvin that I would take the stuff away and he left for his breakfast. I sat around for awhile when Garvin returned and again warned me to leave, saying that he was afraid the police would come in and he did not want any one arrested in his place.

I got still more suspicious of Garvin and concluded to leave and did so but had only proceeded about a block when I was jumped on by the Chief of Police, Ben Raity, and an-

other officer who walked me to police headquarters and to the Chief's office where I was searched and of course, all of the jewelery except the hidden diamonds were found upon me.

The penalty for Burglary in Ohio at that time was 7 years and I felt sure that I would receive the limit and felt very dejected. I was shown up to all of the people who had been robbed in Toledo but no one could identify me, neither did any of the Pawn brokers, but one or two of the second hand dealers did.

The time limit set by law had nearly expired when they would be compelled to bring me into court for a preliminary trial. Chief Raity had called me into his office every hour or two and asked me to turn up the diamonds which of course, I had always refused to do.

The last day had come before my trial was to come up and the Chief asked me again to return the diamonds. I said, "Chief, I am on the road to Columbus to do a 7 year bit, and do you think I am fool enough to give you back this stuff under these conditions. I feel that if I serve 7 years I will have earned the diamonds and what they will bring will help me make a new start in life after release." His reply to me was as follows: "George, (I gave him the name of George Williams), whoever told you that you would get 7 years? If you will return those diamonds, I will promise you that you will not get a day over 7 months."

As I knew him to be square and a man of his word, I replied, "Chief, you and I could have saved ourselves much worry if you had told me that before. I will return the diamonds." He proved himself square by saying as follows: "George, while I know that I can make my promise to you good, yet it will require the sanction of two people, the man you robbed and the States Attorney and before asking you

to return the diamonds, we will call them into this office and ask them to agree to a 7 months sentence for you."

This was done and after they agreed, I told them where the diamonds were planted and they were recovered. Next day I was tried for simple larceny as they only mentioned one article stolen and placed a value of $34.00 on it, making it Simple or Petit Larceny. I was sentenced to the Toledo workhouse for a sentence of seven months. At the time of my arrest in Toledo, I gave the name I mention above and my home as Chicago and though they tried to find out more about me, could not do so, showing the poor police methods of that day. They took my picture which is still in the Toledo Rogues Gallery but although I had only just left prison and was born and had lived in Detroit only about 65 miles from Toledo, they did not seem able to identify me.

I entered the workhouse in November, 1898, after a month's taste of freedom, expecting to serve my 7 months' sentence and feeling thankfull that it was no more. A 7 months sentence has no terrors for a man who had allready served over 12 years as I had done. I felt that I could do it "standing on my head" as is an old saying with men of our class.

I had not, however, counted on sickness. I was taken very sick and ate only two slices of bread in 30 days. The chief officer of the workhouse came to me one day and asked me if I had any friends that would help me. I replied No. He then asked me why I did not ask Chief Raity to help me out. I said that I did not know how he could help me. This officer said that I could be paroled and would be, should the Chief recomend, and that the Doctor had told him that I would die unless released and placed in the fresh air.

Every day the City patrol wagan brings the prisoners to the workhouse and this officer notified the Chief of Police of

my condition who sent two detectives to the workhouse to see me and who reported to him regarding my sickness with the result that one week later, after only about five weeks of sentence, I was released from the Toledo Workhouse on parole, a sick man and only weighing 110 pounds.

I was at once taken to the Chief's office when he spoke as follows: "George, had I known that you were sick, I never would have allowed you to stay there as long as you have. I have only one request to make of you before sending you where you wish to go, and that is that you promise me that you will never steal in Toledo again." He said, "I have never had a good thief go back on his word to me and I will take your promise in the same way and I wish you to understand that as long as you keep your word with me that you are at liberty to live in Toledo as long as you wish and should any of my officers ever arrest you by mistake, send for me and I will see that you are released at once."

This was the promise he always asked of every thief picked up in Toledo and I may say was rarely broken by those who made it, and as a result Toledo was the hangout for many high grade thieves who lived there and thus the town got the name of being wide open, which realy was not so. It only offered a certain class a chance to live, which other cities denied them.

One of the City detectives had a talk with me before I left for Detroit (December, 1898) where I spent about two months in a hospital recovering from my sickness. He stated that he could fix me up with a wealthy Fence in Toledo who would start me out with all I needed when I got well again. I promised to return and see him when I was able again, so after I got well, I returned and was introduced to a man named Innsbruck, who ran a pawnshop on Cherry Street.

Innsbruck made me a proposition to hustle for him out-

side of Toledo. It was agreed that he was to fit me out with all the clothes and other things I needed, as I had not been out of Jackson prison long enough to provide myself with proper clothes on account of my sickness and arrest in Toledo. Innsbruck also promised to supply me with enough money to pay my expenses untill I made my first haul. I also took from his place tools, screws, and a revolver and I started out for Cleveland, Ohio.

I got to Cleveland and after securing a room, started out to look the town over. I had not been in Cleveland for several years and at that time the finer houses were on Euclid Avenue, so I tried this street and made a swell joint on a sneak and made a very good haul and sent the proceeds (with the exception of a one karat diamond ring which I had promised to the "Dick" in Toledo who had squared me with the Fence Innsbruck) to my Fence who sent me a post office order with $200.00 in a plain envelope and without a word of writing in it to tell who had sent it. This was and still is the custom in a transaction of this kind between a Fence and the Thief he does business with, and is done for the protection of both in case of the arrest of either.

The officer I mention was crooked and is one like those I mention in an earlier connection who as I stated make more from the different thieves they deal with than they do by thier salary. I shall write more later of my experience with this class of officer.

I had only been in Cleveland a short time when I ran across Shorty Traverse, a crook I knew both in Ionia and Jackson. Shorty lived in Cleveland and was in hard luck. His graft was stick-up. All Shorty had was plenty of nerve and a blue steel gun. He had been sick and was discouraged. I had a housekeeping room and did my own cooking. I invited him to come and live with me and intented to give him

a chance to work with me and make some coin for himself. He went out with me a couple of times but was so clumsy and made so much noise that I was compelled to drop him, but I did ask him to stay with me as he was square. He it was who was Hall boss in Ward B in Ionia when Tom Armstrong made his clever escape. Shorty was out every night untill 9 P. M. and no doubt helped stall the guard off while Tom escaped, and a man who will take a chance and do that is a good man to tie up to, so I wished to keep him with me if possible.

Shorty had worked for awhile at the Upson Bolt and Nut Works in the railroad yards in Cleveland and wanted me to help him stick the place up on a pay day and get the payroll. We went down and looked the place over and I agreed to help, for if it succeeded (and it looked good) it meant many thousands for each of us for the firm was a large one employing a large number of skilled mechanics.

In the meantime we hustled at my graft and I sent Innsbruck several small lots which little more than paid our expenses until our Fall which happened in the following manner. On St. Clair near where I lived was an all night saloon where I used to spend most of my time after 8 P. M. trying to satisfy the abnormal thirst I had acquired by this time.

One night I met a young lad I had known all my life. He was born in Detroit and I had went to school with him some years before. This lad, whose name was Hefron, was on the bum and as both Shorty and I felt sorry for him, we took him up to my room where we fed him and helped him untill one night he brought the officers up to our room and Shorty and I were arrested.

Upon being searched I was found with skeleton keys and Shorty with his favorite steel gun. The charge first placed aganst us was "disorderly" or some similar charge. I do re-

member though that the fine and costs that could be imposed would take a man about 4 years to work out at the rate of 20c a day which was all that was allowed at that time in Cleveland. The officers in Cleveland as in Toledo could not find out who we were although we were measured and photographed. Neither could any of those who tried to identify us do so. While the officers knew that we were guilty, they could not prove it.

Knowing that we were slated to do about 4 years in the workhouse, I made a proposition to the officers who had charge of the case aganst us. We promised to plead guilty if any burglary charge were placed aganst us provided the sentence would not be over one year in Columbus and that the other charge was dropped.

The officers agreed to this and we were sentenced to one year in Columbus and I entered there Feb. 2nd (I think) 1899 under the name of Charles Ross, Register No. 31581. My vacation from prison had lasted a little over two months.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVICT AT HOME — MORE DETAILS OF PRISON LIFE — THE GREAT PIE CHECK FORGERY — THE WATER CURE, THE HUMMING BIRD AND OTHER FORMS OF "DISCIPLINE" — EXECUTION OF BRUNO KIVES — "THE DEMON'S CAGE."

When I entered Columbus Penitentiary, I found myself in the largest prison in the U. S. from point of numbers, there being over 2,400 men and women prisoners.

A man on entering Columbus is first given a hair cut and bath, clothed in prison grey and taken to a large room called the Idle House. This room was in charge of a keeper and the men, generaly about 50, were allowed to lounge around and read, &c. The cripples and sick men were kept in this room and those excused from work also went there and all new men were sent there for a day or two.

On entering through the main gate you entered the guard hall and from there through another gate you entered the yard which had probably one of the finest lawns of any prison in the U. S. This lawn was in the form of a square and was surrounded by the Warden house and cell houses, the dining hall, the Hospital, Chapel and Green Houses. The other part of the yard contained shops and the streets were numbered or named from 1st St. to 7th St. and running in the other direction 1st Ave. to 7th Ave. and these streets and Avenues contained 77 manufacturing buildings all run under the contract system. After a man was in the Idle House, some of the contractors would call over and if the man suited, he would be assigned to that man's contract.

At this time so far as I can remember, there were the following contracts in Columbus: Two Chair contracts, a Broom

CHARLES L. CLARK — Columbus, 1900
(Official photo from Prison Identification Bureau)

Shop, a Cigar Shop, Patterns Foundry and a Bolt and Nut Works which was the worst contract in the prison, as well as the largest. All hard guys were always assigned to Bolt shop No. 5 as the work was very hard in that shop. I was placed in Bolt No. 6 and soon found myself in hot water as I had no use for the screw or foreman. I remained in this shop for five months and was finaly transferred to the Cigar Shop and had no further trouble.

One of the first men I saw in Columbus was Kane, the man I had met in Toledo and who I had promised to help if I could. He had heard of my sickness and trouble and held nothing aganst me for not helping him. Kane was doing one year on a plea of guilty. I also met a friend of mine, Hiram Packard, an old Ionia man who was doing 5 years for counterfeiting. There were over 500 Federal prisoners in Columbus from the west and other sections of the country among which there were many Indians.

Packard was serving this sentence under the name of Louis Smith and had been sent from Toledo. Packard was a high grade crook and only went after big money. His main graft was to swindle in some fake business scheme and at different times made much money but had been unable to hold much of it. He had taken two engravers into partnership with him, took care of them, bought a press and had at the time of his arrest spent about $4,500 on the scheme, only to have his partners turn him up and testify aganst him and send him to prison, showing the ingratitude of thieves.

Afterwards I got into the Cigar shop and another former prison mate, Smith, had me put in his cell and also got me packing cigars with him as we had both done the same work in Ionia.

Warden Coffin gave many privelidges and one was what was known as a Hall permit. If a man had a hall permit he

was allowed the freedom of the halls every night untill 9 P. M. and Sunday afternoons as well.

I do not know who got the money but I do know that a man who went to the Deputy's clerk, a lifer named Auburn, and paid the price, could buy any job he wished. He could also buy a Hall or a Yard permit or a ticket to Jerico. Jerico was a special dining room where for breakfast you were served beefsteak or pork chops and fried potatoes, good coffee, bread and butter, etc. The dinner and supper were as good. In fact, Jerico was the place where all desired to eat but only those with money or influence were able to do so. I wish to state that with the money furnished me from my Fence Innsbruck from Toledo that I was able to eat in Jerico most of my time.

On Sundays we would go to Chapel at which time we would see the female prisoners which was the only time they were allowed to be on our side of the walls. There was also a bench on the chapel stage where sat the condemned men. At that time however, there was only one man in the death house, a man named Bruno Kives, who was electricuted while I was there and died game.

There was also at the Sunday services many visitors from the outside who paid 25c for this privelidge. Each Sunday the Warden made a short talk to the men at the end of the services and generally ended up by giving the men permission to talk during dinner as the silent system was in force in Columbus.

On Sunday afternoons you were permitted to see visitors and your friends could if they wished bring such food as they wished and you would be allowed to go to the inside lawn and rest under the trees all of the afternoon. The visiting Pavilion faced this lawn and you could if you wished purchase ice cream, cake, coffee, &c. from the refreshment

stand, and the convict waiter would deliver it to your party on the lawn on a tray. In fact, these Sunday afternoons looked more like picnic parties than anything else.

Every evening and Sunday men passed along the galleries selling pies, cakes, candy, peanuts, hot coffee; in fact, everything a man would want to eat. Also daily papers were sold each night. A man was allowed if he had money, $1.00 cash a month to buy daily papers; but the pies, cakes, &c. could be paid for in checks and you could order from your keeper all of these checks you wished to pay for.

The first pie checks issued were of paper and in the form of books, and when the man bought a pie, he would tear out a 5c check and pay for it with the check. But there were many U. S. prisoners there, and among them several counterfeiters. It was not long before some man was making counterfeit checks so real that they could not be detected. The counterfeiters sold them for 25c on the dollar, so it proved a cheap way to buy pies and was eagerly accepted by the anxious pie eaters.

Sometime went by before the Warden discovered that he was selling plenty of pies and that business was thriving, but for some reason the business did not pay from a financial standpoint. Finaly the fraud was discovered.

The punishments in Columbus were fierce. I did not suffer much as a result of misconduct but I will discribe what the different punishments were as near as I can. For minor infractions of the rules, a man suffered a loss of good time with a loss of Chapel services on Sunday at which time a man was compelled to walk lockstep as fast as possible and in a circle for three-quarters of an hour. For a serious infraction of the rules, such as being short on your work, you would prehaps receive the water cure. A man would remove his clothes and be strapped in a bathtub and a strong stream of

water turned on him. As the man was blindfolded he never knew when or where he would be hit. This was the most severe punishment inflicted and a man generaly came out of it half drownded.

They also had what was known as the humming bird. A man would be stripped and blindfolded and an electric battery applied to different parts of his body. This also was a very severe punishment. They had also the strapping post such as was used in Ionia and, taken altogether, a man who refused to satisfy the prison contractor or the prison officials had a hard row to hoe.

I know that in this place that most punishments were inflicted because of the demand of the Prison contractors because of the reports for not doing tasks. Many men were driven desperate and insane because of these conditions. Columbus at that time had an insane asylum inside the walls containing about 20 convicts most of whom had been driven insane because of abuse inflicted upon them while there and generaly as a result of not being able to satisfy the demands of some Contractor.

One man hid out 77 days in an attempt to escape, being made desperate because he could not do enough work, and as a result of being punished time after time. This man would have died under the shop floor where he had hidden himself had not his partner told the officers where he was in order to save his life. In Columbus at that time the guards were on the walls night and day and the walls were well lighted at night making it very difficult to get away, so there was very little chance for this man to escape.

During my stay at this prison only one man was put to death in the Electric Chair—Bruno Kives. It was the custom at that time to allow all condemned men all the liberty possible. Every day Kives would be taken from the Death house

and in company with his guard be allowed to roam around in the prison park and each Sunday attend chapel service. Of course a man under death sentence always receives all the attention and favors the other convicts can show him. We all felt sorry for Kives and counted the days he had to live probably as much as he did.

I had my cell in the wing of the prison that the witnesses to the execution had to pass through to enter the Death room. On the night of the execution you can guess that we were very nervous, also very quiet. We had seen the guards placed in the dynamo room in the afternoon to protect it as it had been tampered with once before and delayed the execution of Willie Hass, a 17-year-old boy, who was said to be the first to suffer the death penalty in Ohio by electricution.

A little after midnight all in our ward could hear the witnesses pass through to enter the death chamber. I cannot understand why a human being can wish to go to a place of this kind and see a fellow human being put to death. After a short time, the witnesses returned and we knew that poor Bruno was dead and had paid the penalty demanded by man, although I do not believe it would be God's demand.

Did you ever think of the cold blooded way in which man goes about to satisfy his demands of a life for a life? He is tried as we say by a jury of his peers, found guilty, taken to jail, fattened up like a prize hog and then a certain number of his fellow beings clamor for the privelidge of seeing him slaughtered in cold blood. The man may have the privelidge of counting the days and the hours before death for Society demands that the condemned be given time prepare to meet his God.

No man executed ever brought to life the person murdered. Neither does the death penalty reduce murder. I have been in institutions where three persons were killed in

this manner. I call it cold blooded slaughter. The law says legal execution. Neither I or any I have ever known have ever been made better because of it, but I believe a little worse as a result of it. Yet not long ago a certain sheriff compelled those in a certain jail to see a fellow human being legaly hung or slaughtered, whatever you wish to call it.

Three other men were tried in the Court at Columbus for the murder of Guard Ladunburg of the prison. The two O'Neil brothers and another whose name I can not remember, killed this guard in an attempt to escape and were tried and found guilty and received the death penalty, which was afterwards changed to life sentence by the Ohio Supreme Court. One of the O'Neil boys later escaped but was returned, and these men are still there I believe, as a law was passed prohibiting the pardon or parole of men convicted of a crime committed in prison where a life was taken. The decision of the Supreme Court in the O'Neil case was a bitter disappointment to Warden Coffin and he said he would keep these men and several others from all liberty and privelidges given the other men.

Warden Coffin built what was called "The Demons' Cage". A section of the cell block was caged in. This space contained six cells and it was intented that those placed in this cage should work and sleep there and never leave untill discharged which meant probably never. This cage was named after a bad man, Ira Marlett, who was known as "The Prison Demon". Another bad man was Otis Hurly, who walked up on the chapel stage one Sunday during service and tried to cut the throat of Daisy Sprague, one of the women convicts who was sitting there. Hurly received fourteen years for this and he and the O'Neil boys were placed in the Demon's Cage with Marlett. They were still there when I left the prison.

This Otis Hurly was in love, or thought he was, with Miss Sprague, the girl bookeeper of the Glove Shop, another contract I forgot to mention. He was no doubt insane, brought on I believe by prison punishment. He called guard Booker in his cell one evening in a joking way and then tried to kill Booker by sticking a knife in him. This was after he had tried to kill Miss Sprague and before the Demons' cage was built. Hurly was in stripes at the time and at all times carried a large ball and chain.

He was to blame for many of his troubles as he was of a very sour disposition, but I also think that this man was improperly handled and that punishment inflicted caused him to be worse and to attempt murder twice. Men like Hurly can be cured if the proper methods are applied and by the proper persons and before it is too late.

CHAPTER XI.

RELEASE FROM COLUMBUS — AN ARGONAUTIC ADVENTURE IN QUEST OF THE CROCK OF GOLD — PARTIAL TOUR OF KENTUCKY -- ALSO DETOUR — VIEWS AFOOT.

My Hall permitt at Columbus enabled me to get around in the evening and Smith and I met many people we did not know before entering Columbus. One of these men was named Sam Binkly.

Sam Binkly had about one month to serve and my cell partner Smith had about the same. We three were together much of the time in the evening and Sam told Smith and I of a U. S. prisoner who had told him of a big haul of gold to be made in a state not far south of Ohio. We had a talk with this man. He told us that he had been with his Father at one time when his Father had asked a neighbor of thiers for a loan of considerable size, and that this neighbor went into another room and returned with a butter crock from which he paid his Father the amount wanted in $20 gold pieces. This man told us that this crock was over half filled with gold coin.

We were impressed with his story and concluded to try the job which I will describe in telling of my travels with these two men.

As my friend Kane had went out and as I had not heard from him I concluded to start out with Smith. I went out of Columbus Jan. 1st, 1900. Smith and Binkly had left about three weeks before and had written to me regularly. When you leave Columbus prison you receive or did at that time, a cheap suit of black clothes that resemble overalls. The suit

including everything is not worth over $4.00. A man also receives as discharge money $5.00 which is supposed to last until pay day. A man also secures a R. R. tickett to any place in Ohio he wishes to go. Upon release the man is escorted to the Union Depot by a city policeman who comes to the prison for that purpose and who never leaves you untill he sees you on the train.

Shorty and I left Columbus Jan. 1st, 1900, for Cincinnatti. Under these conditions Shorty, who was a first class engineer, concluded to go to work while I intented to go with Smith and Binkly and go south and steal this crock of gold, and also stick up a certain postmaster who had also a general store. I was supposed to blow the safe if we could not induce him to open it, which we believed we could.

We arriaved in Cincinnatti and secured a room at Park and Longworth Sts. from an old lady named Mrs. Malloy and the next day I met Smith and Binkly who had come to town to meet me. We held a conference at my house and we found that all of us did not have enough combined to carry the scheme through as we needed money for R. R. fare, guns, &c., and as we did not have enough we decided to all go to work for a short time untill we were in a better condition. I, aganst my will, finaly agreed and found a job at the Emory Hotel where I worked a short time but quit and started to steal, but seemed out of luck and did not make much as the slow and sneak game were hard to work in that town. I nearly got caught several times so gave it up as a bad job. Chief Deich was in office then and every thief in the country who knew him was afraid of him, and he also had several wise "dicks" under his charge.

We finaly left Cincinnatti on our trip but we only had one gun between us and not much money, so we concluded to keep our money to buy food with and beat our way on the

railroad instead of paying fare. As an excuse for appearing in the country we were going to, we had purchased some sewing machine parts, and as Binkly had been a sewing machine agent at one time, he was elected salesman. These machine parts took most of our money but later on realy paid us a profit on the investment and also were the cause of our securing more than one free chicken dinner.

We made a trip of several hundred miles to reach our first stop which was to be the crock of gold I have told of. I suffered much from cold during this trip. The house occupied by this family was in the country 20 miles away from the R. R., and as we did not wish to be seen by anyone coming or going, we concluded to walk both ways. We spent one day reaching this place and remained in the woods untill about 10 P. M. the next night.

This family consisted of 4 persons and it was our intention to stick them up, tie them securely, and hunt for the gold if we could not induce them to tell us where it was. I wish to state here that this was the first and last stick-up I was ever connected with. All my other crimes have been committed without making an attack on any person.

The next night at about 10 P. M. we went to the door of this house, after Smith and Binkly had secured strong clubs. Looking in through the window we saw the family sitting around the fire. We knocked at the door and the man opened it and Smith and Binkly tried to grab him. He put up a good fight, however, and with his fists alone was getting the best of both of my partners as their clubs were too long and the only damage they did was to break up furniture and other things. All of this happened in a very short time and I was still standing in the doorway. Seeing my partners in a bad way I fired one shot in the air which caused the man to give up at once and the women also stopped screaming

upon my request to do so. We tied the whole family up hands behind, and also feet, with ropes we had brought for the purpose, and then proceeded to search the house for the crock of gold we thought was there.

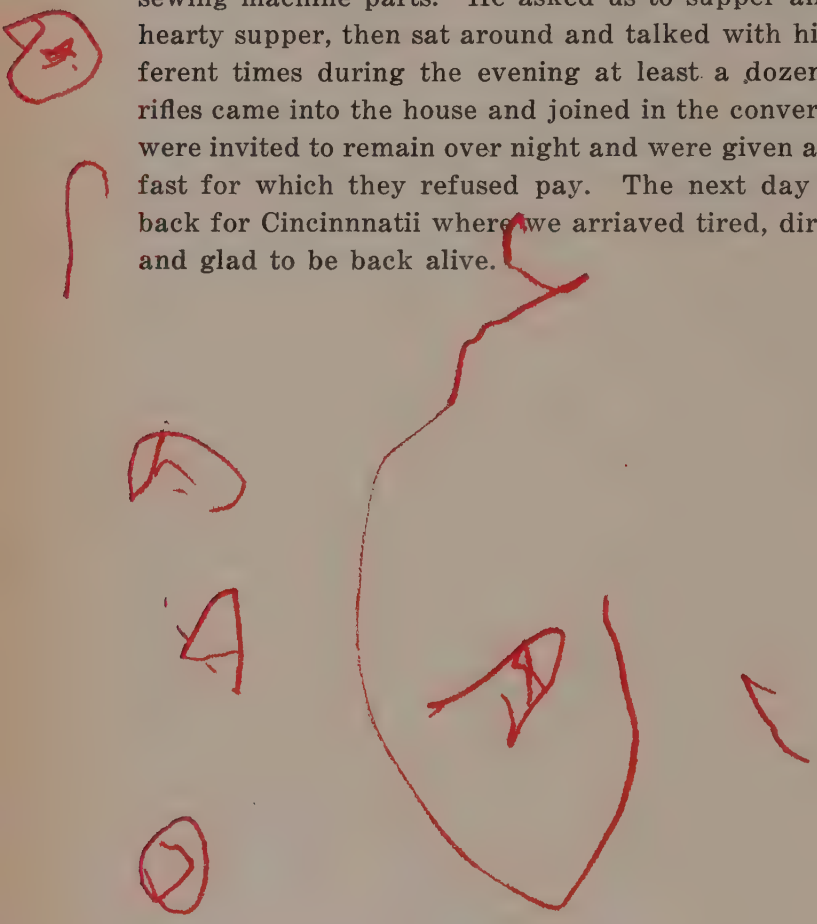
The people of the house had said that they had no money, but of course we did not believe them and proceeded to search the house throughout from garret to cellar, finding many crocks filled with pickles and preserves, but no gold. We remained in this house over two hours and finaly left in disgust taking only a couple of dollars found in the man's pockett.

As we had 20 miles to make we started out at a brisk pace and finaly reached the R. R. and caught a freight train, a much disgusted trio. I wanted to return to Cincinnatti but the others induced me to go to Kentucky where we were to rob the Post Master I have made mention of.

After leaving the train we started back in the mountains to find the man we had went to rob. We walked during the night and after covering several miles, a man passed us on a horse. He carried a lantern; also a rifle. He spoke to us and passed on. After we had gone about a mile, we heard a call. It was a long drawnout howl, and in a short time was answered by something at some distance on. Binkly, who had traveled that country some, said that the man who had passed us was sending a signal ahead and had taken us to be revenue agents and that we were lucky if we escaped with our life.

We decided that we would go ahead and if we ran into anyone, would try and show them that we were O. K., as by this time we were realy scared half to death and all thought of robbery had left us. I carried a bottle of soup, also the only gun we had (a 38 Ivers & Johnson). We decided to plant this stuff, which we did, and proceeded on our way until we reached the general store and post office which we had started out to find.

This little town consisted of about 20 houses and about 100 people I suppose, also about 500 hound dogs. The post master had the largest and best house there. We knocked at the door and entered. We told him that we were peddlers of sewing machine parts. He asked us to supper and we ate a hearty supper, then sat around and talked with him. At different times during the evening at least a dozen men with rifles came into the house and joined in the conversation. We were invited to remain over night and were given a fine breakfast for which they refused pay. The next day we started back for Cincinnnatii where we arriaved tired, dirty and sore and glad to be back alive.



CHAPTER XII.

GRAFTING WITH A BIG CIRCUS — THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION — FROM THE OUTSIDE — WEEDING THE OTHER FELLOW'S GARDEN — HOUSEKEEPING WITH ANNIE IN CHICAGO — THE BURNSTEIN GANG AND ITS TRAGIC DENOUEMENT—ONE REASON FOR SMALL DOGS—"AROUND THE HORN" — HONOR AND DISHONOR AMONG THIEVES — ANNIE CHANGES PARTNERS — FIRST TRIP TO JOLIET.

The other fellows went on from there, but I stayed in Cincinnatti for awhile longer. While there I met a man named Whitey Gould, an old time employe of Forepaugh & Sells Bros. Shows. Whitey told me that if I wished he could fix me up with the Boss Canvassman who would allow me to graft on the side for a consideration. I left for Columbus and went out to Sellsville, the winter quarters of the show, and was introduced to Jack Wilson, the canvass boss. Wilson told me that I would have to work while in winter quarters as the bosses were on hand at all times, but as soon as we got on the road that I had only to show up on the lot at mealtimes and hustle the rest of the time, and that as soon as we reached Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, that he would introduce me to a fence named Torrence who would travel with the show as Assistant Boss and would buy everything I stole, but that he, Wilson, would expect his bit (one third).

I agreed to this proposition and the show left for N. Y. where we arriaved in March, 1900, the show opening in April of that year. We remained in N. Y. City for about six weeks during which time I made several hundred dollars at the slow graft after dividing with Wilson and Torrence. I spent this money about as fast as I made it, as N. Y. City contained such places as Tom Sharkey's, Jim Corbet's and other places like it that were popular joints in those days with show men. I was

waiting anxiously for the time that we were to hit the road as the chances seemed good to me for a good stake.

A big show is generaly followed by a gang of Dips, Slow workers, Con men and others of a simlar kind. To go with a show as an employe and receive protection is considered a great priviledge. As everyone knows, the people of most towns where a big show stops generaly all gò to the show, so that a slow worker (with protection) feels that no better conditions could exist for him.

The owners of all large shows generaly take great pains to eliminate the Graft Evil. As a rule they employ the Pinkerton Detective agency to protect them. Every big show in thier advertisements do, or did at that time, notify the public that they will be protected from the grafters, &c. We had with us at that time seven Pinkerton Detectives in command of a man named Smoot. Smoot, after we reached a town, would call upon the Chief of Police and during the parade would walk the streets with the town officer on the lookout for dips. During the show, Smoot would place his six assistants in the Big Top and for a stall they would sell toy baloons. It was very seldom that they caught a dip, and when they did, they always turned him over to the city officers and that ended their connection with the case.

We finaly left Madison Square for the road, going to Baltimore for a two day stop, our first show under canvass. It was here that the Pinkertons joined and I made it my business to get acquainted by sight with all of them. I did not start out to graft untill we had reached some of the smaller towns. I have no way of remembering the different towns I stole in as we only staid in a town one day as a general rule, but I did in about two months manage to save $1,100. I had this $1,100 in $100 dollar bills and kept it untill we finaly reached Cleveland where it all went in two days gambling on the races in a pool room on Superior St.

I felt sore after this experience and made up my mind not to gamble any more, but this resolution was soon broken.

We left Cleveland and, as I remember, went to Bloomington, Ill, for one day and from there to Peoria, Ill. On the circus lot in Peoria I run across an old Detroit friend who was with Toronto Jimmy (not the original Toronto Jimmy). Both of these men were good thieves and wanted me to go to Kansas City, Missouri, with them to the National Democratic Convention, and as I was broke I consented to go with them. We started down town, and while there the three of us were picked up by Chief Kenneday and placed in the Peoria City lock-up. We were photographed, measured, etc. and again locked up. After being locked up for two days we sent for Chief of Police Kenneday, and after a talk with him he promised to release us if we would promise to leave town.

We left Peoria and started for Kansas City, Mo., and after reaching there we secured rooms, cleaned up and started out to look the town over. Toronto Jimmy wished to go out and do the small post-offices, but as I would have nothing to do with a U. S. job, we finaly decided to go out and weed. To weed means to enter a store (generaly a country store) and enter without breaking in (by false key, generaly called a hog-eye). After entering, the idea is to remove all that you can without having the owner discover his loss at all. An expert at this graft can rob a place two or three times a year, and the owner never know of his loss. One man I know of in Illinois has done this for years and has saved up considerable money as a result. He has always left any store that he robbed in such shape that the owner has never known that he was robbed.

We three worked this graft for a short time until we split up and I left for Chicago. I got there in the summer of 1900 and went over and saw my rich Fence, and told him I was

going to dig in. I suppose that for the three or four months that I lasted before arrest that I was the busyest thief in Chicago. I went over to the West Side and hired a fine room on West Jackson Blvd. The town was wide open and so were the gambling rooms also. I hung out at Burnstein's salloon and gambling rooms on Jackson Blvd. and Halsted Street, and at the same place hung out a young gang of thieves all about 21 years old.

I become acquainted with them, and through one of them got acquainted and soon was living with a young girl named Annie. She was about 18 years old and considered one of the best-looking girls on the West Side, if not in the city. There are always a set of young girls in every city who consider it an honor to live with a successful thief. I do not know the reason for this, but it is a fact nevertheless.

My expenses while with Annie were never less than $15.00 a day, which was high for those times. I would make a trip every afternoon and evening and work at slow graft, and things came easy, and I made plenty of money to gamble and sport on. I stole silks, furs, and diamonds for Annie to wear, for by this time I had forgot all about Hazel, my Detroit girl. Annie was at this time under Probation and under the care of Probation Officer, Miss Mary E. Coulson, who lived at Hull House and was a personal friend of Miss Jane Addams, so well known for her good work for humanity.

At the time of my arrest a little later on, I sent a letter to Miss Coulson, who called at the county jail to see me, and she not only promised me to look after Annie, but became interested in me as well, and at the time of my trial did what she could for me. She told the judge that while I had done wrong in living with Annie, that she was realy convinced that at heart I only had the best interest of Annie in mind, and thought that if given a chance that we would both marry and

probably reform. The judge took my case in consideration and gave me a sentence the particulars of which I will relate later on.

As I was saying, I became acquainted with the gang of young men who made Burnstein's their headquarters: Tom Perkins, Jimmy Moran, Henry Spread, Otto Cristopher, Harry Johnson, and another man who was released from Pontiac Illinois Reformatory at this time and who I worked with considerable. This man has turned out to be one of the best petermen in the country since then, and has been in several successfull big jobs.

One night at the time I speak of Tom Perkins, Henry Spread, Jimmy Moran, and Otto Cristopher left Burnstein's saloon, and going about two blocks away tried to stick up an Italian saloon-keeper and killed him in the attempt. Perkins and Moran received a life sentence at Joliet for this crime. Henry Spread received 25 years and Otto Cristopher one to 14 years at Pontiac. After serving about 12 years of this sentence Jimmie Moran escaped with Frank Gagen, also doing life, and both are supposed to be in England at the present time. Tom Perkins, after being in Joliet about 13 years, was pardoned and is in Chicago, but in jail, (or was a short time ago,) waiting trial for murder again as a result of another stick-up. Henry Spread only served about a year of his sentence when he died of consumption. Otto Cristopher was paroled long since. So ended the career of this gang. Each member of this gang had and lived with a girl, and as I stated before, a thief's desire to take good care of his girl and dress her up expensively is very often the cause of all of his trouble.

These four young men I mention are good examples of the evil I mentioned above, for realy there was no reason for any of them to steal, as all of them came of respectable fami-

lies, the girls included. Had the police of Chicago done their sworn duty such a condition of affairs could not have existed, and today the Italian saloon-keeper would have been alive and probably the records of the Joliet prison would not have contained the names of these men, and they might have become respected members of society. We can all see the mistakes we make very often after it is too late. But we also know what these conditions were, and why does society allow such things still to exist? For as far as I can see things are about the same now as they were then—over twenty years ago.

One of the gang of young men who hung around with this gang was James Flyn, better known as Dio Flyn. I had taken him around with me at times and he was with me at the time of my arrest in the fall of 1900. Flyn and I started out one afternoon and entered a flat on the south side. In this place was a small dog, which made so much noise by barking that the owners returned. Flyn, seeing them come in, had sneaked out of the house without warning me, and I was searching the front room when the four people who lived in the house entered and caught me.

I was taken to the 35th Street Station, and searched, and what I had stolen from the place taken from me. The people of the house had seen Flyn leave and of course I denied that anyone was with me, which the police refused to believe. I was beaten up by the police but would not tell on Flyn, but he was located as he went to Burnstein's and told of my arrest, and also told my girl, who came to the station to see me and who they followed back to Burnstein's. They found out in a few days that Flyn had traveled with me and arrested him; but as he could not be identified, and also because of the fact that I denied his being with me, he was discharged and I was bound over to the Grand Jury.

"Around the Horn". Do you know what this expression means? I will tell you. In those days and at the present time, I believe, it was the custom for the police when they arrested any man who they considered was any account as a thief to Show Him Up, hoping that he would be identified for some crime committed. He would be taken from station to station, generaly beaten up at each station, kept from sleep, and taken before people who had been robbed, for purpose of identification. He hardly ever was allowed to wash and had to sleep on an oak plank with no blankets or pillows. He was never allowed to see his friends during this trip around the horn; and as there are a large number of stations in Chicago and a man remained in each station two or three days, you can imagine a man's physical condition at the time of such an experience. This trip generaly took six weeks. Ask any old-time thief about his trip Around the Horn and he will generaly shudder at the recolection.

It is the custom for the police to go to a person who has been robbed and tell them that they have the thief under arrest. Such persons who perhaps have had a hasty glance at the thief when he left the house robbed, and who as a general rule are realy honest, go to the station with the belief that the real thief has been arrested, and believing so, sometimes identify falsely some man who is not guilty. This has been done more than once to my positive knowledge, and more than one innocent man has done time in Joliet as a result.

In some cities anyone who is to be identified is placed in a line of prisoners and those who have been robbed are asked to pick the man from this line. This I consider fair, and it should be the method employed everywhere. I have known of cases where men were positively identified for a crime and afterwards proven innocent. I know of one man who served

about five years for a crime that was committed while he was confined in a jail in the State of Iowa. He proved by the Sheriff of that jail, also by the records, that he was in jail at the time and could not have committed the crime. Yet with this proof he was compelled to serve five years, and yet some people call this "Justice".

But to continue: I was bound over to the Grand Jury for burglary, and that body returned two indictments against me. One for burglary and one for "having burglar tools" in my possession. At the time of my arrest I had in my room about thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of stuff I had taken from many different houses in Chicago. This stuff I had taken to please my girl Annie, and it was used to beautify the room mostly. I had a gold clock, value seven hundred dollars, and other articles of the kind. I was very much afraid that some "dick" would discover where I lived, and, of course, if he did it would mean many more charges against me, also the loss of the property. My girl Annie was wise, however, and removed all of this stuff away the same day as Flyn told her of my arrest. She also moved away herself, and shortly after my sentence to Joliet went to live with another thief and is with him today, so I hear.

Flyn at this time informed Burnstein of my arrest, also Jimmy Compton, who was the manager of the gambling-room. As I was an old-time gambler and knew many of the gamblers, a friend, Kemp, started a subscription paper in my behalf, and in one night collected in Burnstein's over two hundred dollars for me, which he at once turned over to Flyn who was to give it to me. I was in jail and of course knew nothing of this. Kemp had told my girl Annie after the collection, and she went to see Flyn about it and asked him for the money. It seems he had spent it, and she proceeded to call him down about it and he pulled the subscription paper

out of his pocket and tore it into bits. This, of course, made things look bad for Flyn when it became known, and he got properly beaten up as a result. The acts of Flyn show that at times there is no "honor among thieves".

A few years later Flyn was murdered, some say by his own brother, but I have been told by those who knew the true facts that Dio Flyn was deliberately killed by another thief who had been injured by another of Flyn's dirty tricks.

While in jail I called upon the rich Fence I did business with to come to my aid and try to fix my case and get me out. But this is another instance where a Fence did not come across when he was supposed to. The man I sent to see him told me that he would do nothing more than to furnish me with enough money to get a lawyer with. But, as I was caught in the act, I could not see where a lawyer could benefit me much. I had not at that time had much experience with the Chicago police and did not know their ways and how cases were fixed. I asked the Fence to furnish me Bail, but he refused to do so. I finaly decided to engage a lawyer and hired a man who had a good reputation at the time, A. J. Hanlon. The Fence paid this man and he agreed to do the best he could do for me, but at the time of my trial he never appeared. So at my trial I was not represented by Counsell, which I believe is illegal.

I was tried on the 11th day of February, 1901, before Judge Abner Smith. I went into court but found there was no lawyer to defend me. I realized at once under these conditions what it would mean, and asked the judge for a private conference, which he gave me. As I have stated before, Miss Mary E. Coulson, the Probation Officer in charge of Annie, talked to the judge in my behalf, and I told the judge in the private interview he allowed that I would reform if

given a chance. (And I was realy sincere.) Judge Smith finaly decided to let me plead guilty to the lesser charge of "Having burglar tools in possession". I entered a plea of guilty to this charge, and was then sentenced to from one to two years in the Penitentiary at Joliet.

ILLINOIS STATE PENITENTIARY AT JOLIET (*old prison*)

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIEF SENTENCE AT JOLIET ERRONEOUSLY EXTENDED FOUR YEARS BEYOND DATE OF EXPIRATION — VAIN EFFORTS AT ADJUSTMENT — ULTIMATE RELEASE, AND DEMAND FOR REVENGE AGAINST SOCIETY.

I entered the Illinois Prison at Joliet February 28, 1901, on Indictment No. 60768, for having Burglar Tools, &c., having as a penalty a sentence of from one to two years.

Joliet at this time was under the Contract system and the discipline was very strict. I was assigned to the shoe contract and told to work from bell to bell, which means that I was to start work at once on entering the shop in the morning, and was to continue until the keeper rang the bell at noon. The same routine was followed in the afternoon. Strict orders were given to all men that in case they should at any time run out of work that they should turn around, fold their arms and face toward the wall, keeping their eyes on the floor when not working. To look up from the floor when not working would mean that the man doing so would go to the "hole" and remain there not less than 48 hours.

The hole, or solitary, in Joliet and other Prisons, was a place set apart for the punishment of the men. Each cell contained two steel doors, the outside door being covered so that the convict could not look out. On entering the hole in the morning the convict is searched by the guard on duty, and all tobacco and other stuff taken away from him. He is then given a pair of thin-soled slippers and after placing his hands through the bars of the inside door, he is securely handcuffed in this position. He stays there until the noon hour, when he is let down for an hour and receives a thin slice of bread and

one cup of water, which must last him until the next day at noon. At that time a man hung in this position 18 hours out of the 24, and as he was standing on a hard stone floor all of the time and with thin-soled shoes like paper, the result was that his ankles would swell and the pain would be almost unendurable. At the same time your wrists would swell. Taken altogether this punishment was fiercé, although it was one of the mildest inflicted at that time.

I am very glad to say that all of this has been abolished through the humane policies put in force by the Hon. John L. Whitman, later made Warden of Joliet. At the present time the Hole is not used so much; but when it is, a man does not remain standing over 12 hours, and he also receives enough food to sustain himself during this period of punishment. He also receives blankets to sleep on while in the hole, and as a result is in a fair physicall condition when he leaves there, which never was the case under the old system.

Every man in or out of a prison knows that discipline is necessary to govern our actions in daily life. Those in charge of our prisons in Illinois and other States were formerly of the opinion that no one could be too strict in the management of Convicts. I believe that the Wardens and others who held that view were honest in their opinions, but I also believe that they were wrong. Time and experience has taught all of us that most old time theories were wrong. It has taken time and education to convince most people of the fact that most men in prison and outside can be handled without the Iron Rod, and to-day in visiting some prisons, and especially those of Illinois, you will find that the men not only respond to humane treatment, but that the percentage of those who reform sincerely is very much higher than it is in other states where the old methods are still in use.

As I stated, I was placed in the shoe shop and remained there several months untill it came time for me to see the Parole Board to have my case considered.

Because of my record, (this was my fifth prison sentence, not counting city jails and work houses), I had very little hopes of a Parole, but I did not worry much, as I only had 10 months more to do. I was called before the Parole Board for consideration. It was and still is the custom for the Board to interview each man who is before them for consideration, then dismiss him and, about one week later, send the man an official slip giving him their decision.

In due time I received one of these slips and you can imagine my surprise when I saw that it stated that I would be Paroled in April, 1907, which meant that I must remain five years more! Realizing that a mistake had happened somewhere I notified my keeper at once, who informed the DeputyWarden of my claims. He took me before the Warden, the late Hon. E. J. Murphy, who had my Mittimus brought before me and we both found that I was in Joliet on a Mittimus, charging Burglary, carrying a penalty of from one to twenty years, or 18 years more than the legal sentence imposed upon me! Warden Murphy promised me that he would write to the States Attorney at once and notify me when the reply came. In a short time the letter came, which stated that as no one there had any personal recolection of the case which had been heard over a year before, and as the records showed there that I was convicted of Burglary, that nothing could be done and that I would have to remain in prison untill the time set by the Parole Board for release.

Do you think you can imagine how I suffered during this long, dreary, inhuman punishment that I suffered as a result of the decision rendered by a set of busy officials? You believe that you know how a man suffers with the tooth-ache,

but unless you have had tooth-ache yourself you do not know. I know that mental torture is the worst that can be inflicted, and during the long dreary four years that followed I suffered as probably no man did before. I believe that hardly a night passed during those four years that I received four hours' sleep, remaining awake the rest of the time thinking of the injustice being done me. I knew that legaly I was a free man, and yet I knew that I could not secure my liberty. I would lie awake and stare at the wall, and think, think, and think, and try and devise some way by which I could secure Justice and release. At times I would butt my head against the stone wall, my despair was so great. I never spent any period of my life where I suffered so much, and I can truthfully say that I would not go through that experience again for all the World contains.

During all of this long, dreary, unjust imprisonment, I wrote to all who I thought could afford me any relief in the matter, but to no avail. My cell partner at this time had been taking the Detroit paper, and one night while reading it came across an item stating that my Father was dead. This was in 1906. During all this stay in Joliet I had not let my folks know where I was. I concluded to write to my sister and did so, and received a reply stating that Father had left a will in which I benefited by a quarter share of his estate; and at the same time she sent me Two Hundred Dollars insurance money due me.

After receiving this money I at once secured the services of an attorney who had me removed to the Cook County Jail on a Writ of Hebias Corpus. John L. Whitman, who was then Jailor of Cook County, removed me from the Prison to the Cook Co. (Ills.) Jail on August 20, 1906, where I was held untill March 8, 1907, and released on a Writ of Hebias Corpus by the Hon. Judge Keisten, after serving four years,

one month and seven days for a crime I never pleaded guilty to, never was convicted for, and never was sentenced for! Can you imagine any case of injustice greater than this? The Mental Torture and suffering I endured could never be paid for. But when I ask someone to intercede in my behalf to secure just compensation for my labor rendered during that time, he generaly refuses and tries to shift the blame on someone else, although admitting that a grave injustice was done me.

I have, as I am writing this, the certified copies of the official records held in the office of the Criminal Court of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, for those who wish to consult them. See the March 8, 1907 Amended Journal D, page 161, No. 36. You will find there all the papers necessary to prove the truth of all my claims. Also at the office of my attorney, Ex-Judge McKenzie Cleland,[1] Ashland Block. You will find the certified copy of the Prison records, proving I was held there for Burglary about six years, over four years of which were illegal and should be paid for at the rate wages were paid per day at that time. I shall never quit trying to have this claim adjusted.

You will note that the records I refer to stated "Amended". I have tried during all of this time to have the officials call the witnesses in the case and get the true facts in my case; but they at all times refused, perhaps thinking the case not important enough. On the true facts being shown to the satisfaction of the Judge, he ordered the records changed and amended, and my discharge followed as a matter of course.

At the time of my release there was sent to the Judge presiding a letter from the Attorney General, (William Stead), which letter stated that he was satisfied that a grave injus-

(1) Deceased, 1924.

tice had been done me, and that neither he or any of his representatives would appear against me to oppose my release, which he heartily recomended. So ended my case at that time, and I was released, bitterly opposed to all society and all it represented. I was also broken down in health and also broken financially, as I had spent all to secure my release.

The Judge, Abner Smith, who sent me to prison, afterwards was sent to Joliet Prison himself for wrecking the Bank of America. Judge Smith was brought to prison while I was still there and was paroled in 11 months. I never realy blamed Judge Smith as it was realy an error in the part of his clerk, and I do not mention his later imprisonment because I rejoiced at his misfortune, because I did not, but only to show that men in all stations of life do wrong and that there is realy no difference in the human race. We have had represented in Joliet persons of all classes from Bank president and minister down the ladder.

But to continue my story: At the end of about one year of this first stay in Joliet I was removed from the Shoe Contract and given the job of runner in Chair Shop No. 3. I did not like this job but I had to do it anyway. I had to clean the shop, carry water to the men to drink and wash with, and also wash the socks and handkerchiefs of the 50 men in the shop. Chair No. 3 at that time contained the sand-room and was a bad place to work. Each man had to do a certain number of pieces as a task, but had to keep on after the task was done untill bell-time, so that they realy had no rest at any time. All the bad guys were either placed in this shop or the Cooper Shop.

At this time in Joliet the men had their meals in their cells. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays were soup days. Monday and Friday were bean days, and Wednesday corn beef and cabbage. Sunday roast-beef was served. This bill-

of-fare was never changed except on hollidays. A man was compelled to place his bread under his arm, grab a hot tin dish of food, (and also in the morning a hot cup), and then run upstairs (from one to four flights) as fast as possible and enter his cell at the tap of the officer's cane. If he failed to do this he was reported, or if in his run upstairs he dropped his dinner he was out of luck, as he never got any more. A man would rather drop his dinner and loose it, than to hang 48 hours in the Hole for kicking for more dinner.

The State Legislature passed a law which went into effect on July 1, 1904, I believe, at which time all contracts left the Prisons of Illinois. Before this the contractors and foremen had said that this law would never be enforced and was only a bluff to satisfy the public. It looked to the convicts as though this would prove true, as none of the contractors made any move to remove their costly machinery, which was later taken over by the State and is still in use. On July 1st, 1904, when the Anti-Contract Law went into effect we marched out to work to the Contract shops as usual. We worked for an hour or two when we were returned to our cells. Someone had got out an injunction against the Warden using convicts on contract labor, and the result was that we were never again worked under that system.

Two men I know had committed suicide by hanging theirselves, and one hid out in the Prison yard over a week and nearly died from hunger and exposure before the contracts left. After contract labor had left the prison things began to look a little brighter to the convicts. This proved that this system had reached so far with influence as to handicap the acts of the Warden.

I found that Warden Murphy was always for the best interests of those under his charge, but people in those days demanded harsh treatment of Convicts and he probably be-

lieved the same, but he only followed the usual custom used in most states and no doubt honestly believed that better results could be obtained in that way. It was proven, though, that when Mr. Murphy had a free hand he really had the true interest of the men at heart.

Warden Murphy abolished the lock-step and introduced the grading system, and also allowed the men to talk at times. He also built what was badly needed, a dining-hall, where the men could eat with some degree of comfort. In fact, he did whatever he thought advisable to better the condition of the men under his care, and as a result you found a more cheerful class of convicts in Joliet than its walls had ever held before.

As I have said, I was released from the Cook County Jail March 8, 1907. After a talk with Jailer Whitman, who gave me much good advice, I left for the West Side to look up old friends. But I had a very bitter feeling toward those who represented society, and went out with the desire for revenge. I also made up my mind to continue to try and secure compensation for the time spent in Joliet.

Is it any wonder, going out in this frame of mind, that I soon committed another crime?

CHAPTER XIV.

WAITING FOR THE WAGON, AND EARLY RETURN TO JOLIET — PAROLE: BEFRIENDED BY THE CARPENTERS — EFFORTS TO MAKE GOOD — RETURN TO JOLIET FOR TWO YEARS ON CHARGE OF VIOLATING PAROLE — CONTACT WITH MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH — VOLUNTEER PRISONERS' LEAGUE — PAROLE TO MAJOR MESSLEIN: LIFE AT HOPE HALL — TERMINATION OF PAROLE.

I had started to drinking heavily and on one Sunday went out and tried to do a slow job in this condition and was caught and later sentenced to a tearm of from one to twenty years in the prison at Joliet—my sixth tearm.

During my liberty at this time a couple of friends of mine, Brady and Fitzgerald, were arrested for stealing a mail wagon full of mail and later tried by the U. S. Government on this charge. I interested myself in their behalf and induced two U. S. witnesses in this case to change their testimony in favor of the Defendants. One was acquitted and one convicted, but the judge issued a warrant for my arrest which caused me to keep out of the way untill after the U. S. warrent was withdrawn.

I at times during my liberty at this time committed several wagon jobs with the notorious Jerry O'Connor. We would follow a loaded merchandise wagon and the first place the driver stopped at to deliver goods, we would drive the rig to a barn we had, unload the goods, drive the empty wagon away, and leave it standing somewhere.

O'Connor and I fell out over a deal of this kind and we parted and I did not see him again untill I entered Joliet a short time after, where I found him serving a sentence of from one year to life for a stick-up.

At my trial for the burglary, which was before the late Judge John Gibbons, I was represented by Counsel. This lawyer was a personal friend of Judge Gibbons and interested him so much in my case that the judge called me before him in private chambers one evening after court and had a long talk with me regarding my past life. He become so much taken in my case that he promised to see to it that I would not serve over 2½ years in Joliet if I would plead guilty.

As I was caught in the act I saw no chance to escape conviction, so at my trial which followed in a day or so I entered a plea of guilty. On Feb. 6, 1908, I was taken back to Joliet.

When I entered Joliet this time I found things somewhat improved from the convict's point of view. The warden had let up on the strict discipline to some extent so far as it applied to talking, and also he allowed the men to order daily papers which of course was much appreciated, as it gave us a chance to keep posted on the general news of the world.

After I had been in Joliet for about 2 years, a man named Joice caused much excitement among us by taking his case to the Supreme court and testing the legality of the Parole law. At first the Court ruled the Parole law illegal but a short time later reversed thier decision and the law was declared legal.

I was paroled in about 2½ years upon recommendation of Judge Gibbons, and returned to Chicago to serve my parole. During my stay in jail I had become acquainted with a lady and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Carpenter, who had taken considerable interest in me. Mr. Carpenter signed my parole and I went to his house upon my return to Chicago as he said my physical condition was such that I needed to build up, which would require good food, and he intented to see that I got good food by taking me out to his own home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter did everything in thier power at this time to encourage me and help me to make good. I had formed good resolutions and wanted to do right. I worked at the Heyward Wakefield Co. for $2.00 per day, 10 hours, and spent much of my time nights working for the same company overtime at 40c an hour. Several times I did work 21 hours at a stretch in order to help my employers get certain work out on time.

I mention these facts only to show that I realy wanted to succeed, for after all of these years in prison I had only just began to realize the condition that I was realy in Mentaly and Moraly. I thought that if such good people as Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter would spent their time and money on me and would welcome me to thier home as they had done that I owed it to them to make some payment in return. I thought over the matter much. I realized that what they had done had been done from the pure goodness within them. I felt that the only way I could repay them was to show both of them that there was still some good in me.

Thier kind acts toward me realy made me better, though I did not realize that fact. I know now that while under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter that my thoughts began to be better and naturaly my acts were better. I can realize now as I look back that though my work was hard I enjoyed my life better because of the fact that I was working with a lot of men who were respectable and I began to respect myself.

After a time I moved from thier home to be nearer my work, locating with old friends on West Madison Street. Although I did not realize the fact till too late, I made a mistake by going there, for I found another ex-convict, George Greining, living there. He had finished his parole and had been discharged, but was working and living decent.

When I had left the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter I promised to go there every Sunday evening to have supper and visit, and had always kept my word. One Sunday evening Greining offered to ride out with me as he had been ordered to secure tools he had left on a job his company had finished and return such tools to the shop as they would be wanted Monday. When we got over to the place where we were going, I left the car and promised to meet George on a certain corner about 30 minutes later. I went to Mr. Carpenter's house and paid them a short visit, telling them some one was waiting for me, and then went to the corner and found George waiting with the tools.

While we were waiting for the car we were arrested, and in a day or two tried on the charge of disorderly conduct. At the mock trial which followed, when it became known that we were ex-convicts, the Judge refused to listen to Mr. Carpenter who was there to assist me, but sent both of us to the Bridewell for a fine of $100.00 and costs, and also ordered that I be returned to Joliet for violation of parole after I had served my fine.

I was removed to the Chicago Bridewell which by this time was in charge of Mr. John L. Whitman,[1] formerly in charge of the Cook Co. Jail. I wish to say that at one other time I had been unfortunate enough to have been there, and I can assure you that it was then a tough joint.

Without taking too much space, I can say that during Mr. Whitman's administration as Supt. of the Bridewell that much improvement was made. Brutal guards who were in the habit of knocking defenseless prisoners down soon learned that a new order had been established and that every man should and must get a square deal. Mr. Whitman made

(1) Deceased, Dec. 13, 1926.

CHICAGO HOUSE OF CORRECTION (*West Cell House Corridor*)

many improvements, the best of which was to erect a modern cell house which, up to a short time ago, was the finest in the U. S.

I was released from the Bridewell sometime in 1911 (I forget the date), and found parole agent Mathews waiting to return me to Joliet for violation of parole and after I was returned I received two years from the parole board for the same. I served out my time and was again paroled, this time to Major M. A. Messlein, of the Volunteers of America. This was on Jan. 20, 1914.

Everyone has heard of Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, better known as The Little Mother. Mrs. Booth, whose husband is at the head of the Volunteers of America, has made it her life work to aid the man in prison. She goes around the country lecturing and trying to educate the people to see that convicts have souls that are worth saving, and at the same time she induces the people she comes in contact with to furnish the funds so that she may help her boys (as she calls us) to start the fight for success after leaving prison, with some hope for success.

The Little Mother never forgot her boys. She always came to see us at the different prisons and talked to us, telling us how she was progressing with her work in trying to show soceity that even convicts were worth saving. She had established in each prison what was known as the Volunteers Prisoners' League, and any man could join who had a genuine desire to do better and go out and make good. Many men in prison joined this League and did go out and make good, some of which hold high positions today. The Motto of this League was "Look Up and Hope" and it meant all it said, for all connected with Mrs. Booth in her good work did everything possible to encourage us to make good.

As a part of her work in this direction, she has established several homes for ex-convicts, each of which she properly calls "Hope Hall". These Hope Halls are in different parts of the U. S. and each is in charge of a competent man or woman.

In 1914 when I left Joliet Prison, I went to Hope Hall No. 2, located in Chicago and at that time in charge of Major and Mrs. Messlein. Hope Hall is located on the north side in a quiet neighborhood and is a building any man should be proud to live in, being new and modern.

A man on entering Hope Hall is told what the few simple rules are and is expected to observe them. He is required after supper each evening to register his name and expected to be in the home at 9 P. M. He registers to prove that he is home and this protects him, as he can prove where he is at all times and no police can frame up on him under these conditions. No police are allowed to hang around Hope Hall under any circumstances. After a man is received at Hope Hall, he is allowed to go out and secure work that suited him and if he needed decent clothes (prison clothes never were any good), they are always secured for him.

At this place the man who was fortunate enough to enter had no worry over how he could pay his next week's board or how he could secure clean linen. All of this was provided for free, thus giving a man a chance to start with some chance of success.

Major Messlein and his good wife were the cause of many a man making good. Thier help and encouragement, given always when it was most needed, helped many a man when most discouraged to Look Up and Hope, as the motto of the League urged.

It would take a whole book for me to discribe their good acts and I shall not try. It is enough for me to again say that

what they have done has been appreciated, and they can both feel that their reward will be great in the end. Mrs. Booth's work will go on and much good will continue, as she has the right idea and is gaining new recruits to aid in the work she started alone many years ago.

I remained out on parole six months, making good, and as a reward, on the recommendation of Major Messlein, received my discharge six months earlier than I expected.

CHAPTER XV.

BACK TO THE SLOW CIRCUIT — BIG JAKE'S PET GRAFT — BACK TO JOLIET — PRISON IMPROVEMENTS — MURDER OF THE WIFE OF WARDEN ALLEN — RELEASE AND RETURN TO CHICAGO — BLACKMAIL FROM A POLICE OFFICER — FRIENDSHIP OF JUDGE CLELAND — WALKING THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW — MORE POLICE BLACKMAIL — FRAME-UP, PERJURY, THIRD TRIP TO JOLIET.

After I had received my official discharge from Major Messlein at the end of my sixth[1] prison sentence, I continued on at work. I had no intention of going back to a crooked life and I can't understand today what caused me to do so. One of the things we can't do is explain the acts of people committed under certain conditions. I was doing fairly well and there was realy no reason why I should have stolen again, but yet I did.

I used to hang out in a certain place on the west side and in the same place were to be found nightly a number of dips and other crooks who I knew well. Among this number was big Jake Marooney, known as the best stall in the country. Big Jake was the living picture of a central headquarters "dick", and he also had a police badge which he had secured in some manner and he also always had a pockett full of official blank search warrents.

At times during this short tearm of freedom, Big Jake and I would go out, I to do the stealing and Big Jake to stall for me. I would locate some house, generaly at the supper hour (for I was still working during the day), and proceed to rob it. If I should by chance be caught, Big Jake would have appeared on the scene at once and would have, of course, arrested me and that would have ended the case. I did this

(1) This does not count the brief Workhouse sentences in Chicago, Detroit and Toledo.

a number of times and Jake and I split 50/50. I used to sell the stuff to a fence on W. Madison St. and Jake tried to make me let him shake this fence down which is done in the following manner. A man would go into the Fence and offer stolen property for sale. After the fence had bought and paid for the stolen goods, Jake would enter, show his badge, also a search warrent, and proceed to search the place and generaly found the stolen goods, after which for $1,000 more or less, and sometimes more, he would let the Pawn Broker or fence go, and leave the place, also a very scared fence as a general rule.

I worked also with Geo. Webster at this time. Webster was an old time prowler and considered a good one. He had served about four tearms in Joliet where I first met him. We both left Joliet prison Jan. 20, 1914, I think, and went to Hope Hall together and also received our discharge together, and I may add, went back to Joliet together for the same crime. Webster and I started in to do slow work but only worked Sunday evenings during Church services.

Webster, as I did, drank much whiskey, and on the Sunday we committed this crime we were both drunk, although able to walk. We started for Oak Park, intenting to rob a certain house, but we stopped before we got to Oak Park and entered a rich house and I was caught in the place and Webster picked up later as he had been identified partly, and also because of the fact that he was known to run with me.

I was removed to the Austin Station where I remained for about a week. During my stay at the Austin Station, I was approached by a police official one day and asked if I had any money. I replied that I did not have any on hand but could probably secure some. This officer then told me that there was no possible show for me to beat the case completely, but that if I could come across, that he would fix things up so

that I would not get over 2 years. He wanted me to send him to certain parties we both knew but this I would not do as I did not know how he would be received at the place. I finaly promised to pay him $200.00 if he would fix my case, and he agreed to do so—substituting a charge of having burglar's tools for that of actual burglary.

Webster and myself were brought to trial before Judge Brentano and each of us received a sentence of from one to two years on the burglar's tool charge. We were again taken to Joliet, on Aug. 4, 1914, after only 7 months of free air. The officer who had fixed me up came to the prison to see me, and agreed to wait until my release for his $200.00. During the administration of Governor Dunne, Ned Allen was appointed warden of Joliet. Mr. Allen's Father had been warden of Joliet Prison some years before and his ambition was to hold the same position his Father had. Ned Allen proved himself a good man in the place and made many improvements.

Realizing that the men needed fresh air, he gave the men one hour of recreation each day. He was the first warden in Illinois to grant this privelidge. He also gave each inmate a new pair of slippers, a new drinking cup, a new mattress and had each cell plastered and got rid of the bed bugs by so doing. He also allowed us to smoke and allowed us the privelidge of buying fruit, candy, &c.

This opened up a new chapter in the management of Illinois prisons. We were given fine entertainments and taken altogether, the administration of the Warden was going on finely when came the murder of Mrs. Allen in the summer of 1915. Mrs. Allen had aided her husband in every way in making the lives of the inmates a little more pleasant and by so doing, had gained the good will and respect of every man in the prison.

On Sunday, July 17, 1915, the men were waiting to be called to church services, when smoke was seen coming from the quarters occupied by the Warden and family. The prison fire department responded but had to break open the door in order to enter, and after putting the fire out, Mrs. Allen was found dead. I have no desire to judge any one, so will only say that a man named Joseph Cambell, known as Chicken Joe, was tried for the murder of Mrs. Allen and received a life sentence at Chester prison where he is at the present time. Warden Allen refused to enter the apartment where his wife had died, and resigned, and was succeeded by Michael Zimmer as Warden.

Michael Zimmer had been Sheriff of Cook Co. and after he moved to Joliet as Warden the men were in doubt as to whether he would continue the privelidges started by Warden Allen. It was a pleasant surprise to us when he told us that he would make no change and as afterwards shown, went even further and allowed us more privelidges. He was, in fact, too easy on the men and they took advantage of him as a result. He allowed the men to go to the shops on Sunday afternoon, thus breaking the monotony of that day. Many of the men owned musicall instruments and they would go from shop to shop giving entertainment to all.

Things ran on in this manner untill the Republicans again returned to office and Mr. Zimmer resigned to take the position of Warden of the Cook Co. Hospital, where he still is. Wardens Allen and Zimmer will always be remembered and hold a warm spot in the hearts of the boys in Joliet for the many kind acts rendered during their administrations.

Webster and I were released on May 3, 1916, and left for Chicago. At this time I had no parole to serve as I had served my full sentence, less good time.

After I had been in Chicago, I made it my business to call upon Major and Mrs. Messlein at thier office. I had secured a job where the work was hard and dirty and wished something better. One day Major and Mrs. Messlein told me that this officer had called and left his home address and wanted me to call and see him. I expected it was about the $200.00 I still owed him, but I called on him any way. He at first wanted me to give him the name of some fence that he could shake down. I told him I knew of none. Then he wanted me to steal automobiles and hide them untill the insurance companies should post a reward for them, at which time it was his intention of course to recover them. I also refused to enter into this plan. He told me of his need of money and demanded what I owed him. I promised to pay him his $200.00 in two days and told Major Messlein that I would go to Detroit for a day or so, which I did on the following day, and secured from my sister $250.00 which was in the bank to my credit in a trust fund.

I returned to Chicago, went to this officer's house and paid him the money. He then said that he had secured a good situation for me but that I would have to come across from time to time or he would frame me. I am going to show you just how he did frame me and I am in prison today as a result. I have been here six years and have six more years to stay just because the word of a crooked police officer is taken regardless of all law or evidence.

This officer secured for me a position as night watchman in the watch service of the Adams Express Co. The head of the watch service at that time was in charge of a man named Barney Cahill and he was a personal friend of the officer I mention, who induced him, Cahill, to put me to work. As Cahill is now dead, there is no harm in my telling of this matter, but had it been known at the time that Cahill had hired me,

an ex-convict, to work in the watch service, he would no doubt have lost his own job for doing so.

For Barney Cahill I have only respect for he hired me to help me. He said: "Clark, I feel sorry for you and am going to take a chance on you and I believe you will make good," and I did make good. At this time to secure a job of this kind required the recomendations of seven business men. As I could only secure one, Judge McKenzie Cleland, Cahill had six of his personal friends recomend me, persons whose names I did not even know. I was with this company untill the time of my present trouble which happened as follows:

I was called upon at the Union Station one night where I was stationed as night watchman, by two police officers, one of whom was the officer I mention. They stated that they had arrested several men and that one of them had confessed numerous robberies, and that I had been named as having had part in one of them. This officer said that they would not arrest me if I would promise to give myself up when wanted. This I promised to do and the two officers left.

Next evening this same officer returned and told me that he could fix up this case if I would give him another $200.00. I had been giving this man $10.00 twice a month on pay day, and I concluded to stop and give him nothing in the future, and told him so, saying I was only making a fair living as it was, but if I did start to steal again I would fix him up.

Things ran on for about a month when I was called up on the phone one day and informed that I had been indicted and to report at the station at once. I at once went down and gave myself up and was moved to the county jail for trial. This officer had fixed a stool pigeon to give testimony aganst me, but I had been indicted by the grand jury upon the unsupported testimony of this police officer who stated to the Grand Jury that I had admitted my guilt to him. Upon this

officer's unsupported word and the testimony of his stool pigeon, I was convicted and have been in prison ever since.

Before my trial I sent a letter to the Judge explaining matters and he at once reduced my bail from $5,000 to $1,000. The judge promised also to place my trial first on the dockett so I would be released as soon as possible. I was offered a bondsman for a cost of $40.00 but as I was called into court nearly every day, I considered that it would hardly pay me to secure one, so did not do so. I was brought on trial before Judge Brothers, who had appointed some lawyer to defend me. This attorney, whose name I do not even know, called at the jail to see me once and never returned although I suppose he received pay from the state for defending me.

I was called for trial one day and when I reached the court room found the jury box partly filled and Attorney Zeman examining prospective jurymen in behalf of James Nosek, my co-defendant in the case, and who was also the stool pigeon in the case. I seated myself, when a man came over to me and asked me if my name was Clark. I replied that it was. He then said, "Clark, I have been wished on you by the judge as the attorney to defend you." I may say at this time that too many unfit lawyers are wished upon unfortunates confined in the different county jails who are unable to pay for proper counsell and have to accept what is offered. This and other states should have what is known in California as a Public Defender who undertakes the defense of all those unable to pay counsell. This office, run by the State in the way the State's Attorney's office is run, has accomplished much good and has saved more than one innocent man from going to prison.

Please consider my condition at the time of this so-called trial. I had intented to ask for a separate trial and not be tried with James Nosek who had admitted his own guilt. I

was also entitled to the aid of Counsell who knew the facts in the case, as Hardover, the lawyer, did not.

After the trial was half over, another lawyer, Mr. Dempsey, appeared in my behalf. This Attorney had also been appointed to defend me and I had consulted him once, and had he been on hand at the beginning of the trial I might have been acquitted.

One of the early decisions given by the Judge was that no questions relating to matters that had happened before the date of the crime in this case should be asked or answered, and yet one of the first questions asked me by the Asst. States Attorney after I had taken the witness stand was: "Clark, where were you in the years 1884, 1889, 1894, 1901?" &c. These questions were asked me with the full knowledge that my answer must be, "in prison".

This was the method used to convict me. Everyone knows that when the judge broke his own ruling and forced me to admit that I had spent so many years in prison, that the jury would convict me regardless of all evidence offered in my behalf. The man robbed in this case could not identify me, although he did identify Nosek. Nosek admitted his guilt and said that I was with him, and as a result, I was convicted and received a sentence of from one year to life, which was later changed from one to twenty years, with possible reduction to twelve years for good behavior.

I told my story just as it happened and told nothing but the truth. I told of the fact that I had given myself up and had been allowed my liberty over a month, and could and would have run away had I been guilty. Nosek handed me a note a week later in which he admitted that all his testimony against me was perjured and that a certain police officer had induced him to give it. This note is now in the hands of my attorney Judge Cleland.[1] It proves that I am innocent of the charge.

I am not looking or asking for sympathy or even crying for justice. I have long since lost all hope of that. I only relate the particulars of this case to show you how justice is sometimes dished out to men of my class. I have no doubt that I have committed enough crimes in the past to have deserved life if I had received real justice and I have been trying to make myself believe that I am realy suffering now because of them.

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(1) NOTE BY EARLE EUBANK:—The note to which Clark here refers was afterwards sent to me from the office of Judge Cleland, and is now in my files. It was written on the blank side of a page torn from Shakespeare's "King Lear". It is undated, and reads as follows:

"Say, Clark, I want to tell you this is all a frame-up and I am coming out with the truth and we will all get out You stick to your story and I will fix Mcanani and Lealy, and get them fired and maybe send them to the pen. ans. if you are going to stick to your story. JIM. Give the mail to Eddie."

CHARLES L. CLARK — Joliet, 1916
At beginning of present sentence
(Official photo from Prison Identification Bureau)

CHAPTER XVI.

NO. 5126 — FELONS AND FRIENDSHIP — HAPPY JACK AND COLORED JOE — PRISONS AND PULL—THE DAILY TREADMILL—WANTED: A PRISON JOB—THE GRAPEVINE — SHAKEDOWNS AND SHAKEUPS — PRISON ESCAPES AND INSIDE CRIMES.

Following the conviction just described I re-entered Joliet December 6, 1916, as Convict No. 5126. This was the beginning of my present term, my third in the Illinois State Prison, and my eighth penitentiary sentence. God helping me, it shall also be my last!

The man in prison perhaps feels the need of a true friend more than anyone else. A prison is a place where little or no consideration is ever given to the convict, and in most cases a man so situated if he spends several years in confinement feels indeed friendless. My experience has taught me that most men after reaching prison gradually lose most of the friends that they left in the outside world and as a result the men form friendships with each other which are sometimes as fine as any friendship outside prison walls. Here is a case that shows this:

While out in the new Illinois Prison of which I shall speak later, I noticed that a convict named Bob Newman had formed a friendship with another man named LaRue. These two men were continualy together and shared all they had with each other. LaRue was in bad health and realy needed better food than was supplied to the convicts, so that Newman made up his mind to get it for him if possible.

At the construction camp the officers and free labor receive better food than that served to the convicts but the only way to get hold of this food is to either buy it of the convict who waits on the officer's dining room or steal it. To

my knowledge, Newman spent all of the money he could secure from his friends in buying food to preserve LaRue's health and never eating any of it himself, always cheerfully giving it all to LaRue.

The time came for Newman's release on parole and he was released. In most cases a convict upon being released always promises all of the friends he leaves in prison to do many favors, and I may add, very rarely does as he promises, but not so with Newman. Newman had the welfare of LaRue at heart to such an extent that he returned to the prison after release and climbing the prison walls, hid in the prison barn for about a week. Each night he climbed to the cell window and passed LaRue all that he needed in the way of food and other things.

After about a week in the prison enclosure, Newman was captured one night by the guard on duty and taken to the main prison and locked up.

In a short time his case was considered by the Parole Board and he was returned as a parole violator and is still in prison because he valued friendship more than liberty.

Another notable case of friendship occurred during my imprisonment in Jackson. There was sent there a young boy about 18 years old from Grand Haven, Michigan, who had received a life sentence for murder. During his stay in the prison he had formed a friendship for another convict and these two were continualy together. The older of the two, an old colored man, Black Joe, had but a short time to stay at the time I became acquainted with them. This man had very little education and did not seem to desire any; he did have, however, the future wellfare of the younger boy at heart and he worried much over the fact that there was very little chance of the boy ever being released.

After consulting me several times regarding the younger boy's chances, I finaly told him that I was of the opinion that he would never be released as the crime was of such a nature that society would object were he to be pardoned. This man, as I have stated, was ignorant, but he had formed the idea that if he would offer the Governor to serve the life sentence of the younger boy, that the Governor must accept the offer and release the boy. He sent a letter to Gov. Hazen S. Fingree, asking that his friend be released and that he would serve the life sentence in his place.

Had this man known the law and been an inteligent man, I would have thought that he was doing this for "notoriety", but he was only a poor ignorant colored man who had formed his opinion from reading how men had hired other men to take thier places in the Union Army during the Civil war and was of opinion that such would be in order in this case. He was earnest and sincere in his desire to serve a life sentence for his friend.

The newspapers of Detroit devoted a good deal of space to this at the time.

I have found out from experience that most convicts stand ready to favor a fellow convict when the chance offers and as a general rule, are of a sympathetic nature, especially when a man is sick.

Prison doctors as a rule are hardened and believe that most of the men who act sick are stalling to get out of work, so that in some cases a man can be realy sick and still get no consideration or treatment from the prison doctor.

I have already made mention of Irving Lattimer, now the oldest lifer in Jackson, with no hope of release because of the fact that he murdered one guard and nearly killed another while escaping from Jackson Prison.

Before the riot in November, 1896, I occupied the cell next to Lattimer and was taken sick, and as the doctor would not give me any medicine, I remained in my cell where Lattimer doctored me up, spending his own money to buy what I needed. I finally became so sick that I was removed to the prison hospital.

I have always felt that prehaps Lattimer saved my life at that time and have always valued his friendly act, for had he not went to the doctor and explained my condition and insisted upon my removal to the hospital, I feel that I would have died in that little 2½ x 8 cell.

Every prison contains some odd characters. There is a man in Joliet known as Happy Jack because he always appears to be happy. He is about 75 years old and he has spent 30 years of it in prison. He is a plain bum and has not, I suppose, stolen $100.00 all together during his whole life. It has been said that Happy would wrather be in prison than out, and this must be true, as he has asked the judge several times when arrested to return him to Joliet as he had no other place to go.

Old Joe Smith is a colored man, a lifer, and the oldest man in the prison up to the time of his release in 1922. Joe Smith had worked for years as under foreman in the Rattan Shop, where Superintendent Green was in charge. Joe thought Mr. Green was just about right and never did anything that he thought would displease Mr. Green.

After Joe had been in prison for about twenty-five years, the chance came for him to go out to the prison Honor Farm which to most convicts seems the next best thing to liberty. Joe was informed by Mr. Green that he could go to the Farm if he wished. "Mr. Green", said Joe, "what will you do without Old Joe to look out after your work? You know if Joe is

not here that these men will not do the work right so I guess old Joe will stay as long as Mr. Green stays."

Old Joe was finaly induced to go to the Farm after he was assured that the work would be done and Mr. Green's interests looked after, and I am glad to say, was finaly released.

People on the outside think that there are no social discriminations in prison, but there is a privilidged class inside as well as out. There are always some men who carry enough influence to do as they wish even after they are locked up.

Take the case of Harry Broil, who was sent to Joliet for acts committed during his tearm as court clerk in Cook County. Broil, as a prisoner, had everything but his liberty. The prison rules say "one visit a month"; Broil had a visit nearly every day. The rules say: "You can write a letter every two weeks"; Broil wrote as often as he wished. The rules say, "Visits limited to 30 minutes"; Broil visited all day if he desired.

This is only a sample of what the influence outside of the walls does for some men.

How does a prisoner spend his time? The daily routine of the old prison at Joliet is a fair sample of the monotonous grind that takes place nearly everywhere else.

At the sound of the bell at 6:30 a. m., each man gets out of bed, cleans out his cell and washes himself and is then ready to go to breakfast. For about thirty minutes or untill it is time to go to breakfast, the keeper goes from cell to cell and unlocks the doors and also passes daily papers from cell to cell.

A man in Joliet can order a daily paper or other reading matter if he has the money to pay for it and after reading it he can send it to any friend he desires and all keepers are instructed to mark the cell number of the man to whom the

paper is sent and deliver it to him. By doing this, nearly everyone in the prison can read the news though they may be without money.

From the cells the men march directly to the dining hall but no one can start eating untill all are seated, at which time the Capt. gives the signal and all start to eat, with guards watching all around. All talking is forbidden, so the men swallow their rations in oppressive silence.

In some prisons (though not at Joliet) for greater safety, the men are all seated facing in the same direction, and not across the table from each other. The men at each table see only the backs of the men in front of them and knives are not provided for the men to eat with, because they would be too dangerous. The plates and cups are of tin.

The dining hall at Joliet holds only about 1,700 and as there are considerable more men in Joliet it is necessary to have two meals, so they have what is known as the early detail who eat before the other men. This detail is composed of the Firemen, Hall men and others.

From the dining hall the men who have work march directly to their shops and go to work at once and remain working until 11:30 a. m. at which time they again go to the dining hall for dinner and from there to thier cells where they remain for one hour, during which time the officers eat thier dinner. After the officers eat thier dinner the men are returned to the shops where they continue work untill supper at 4:30, when they again go to the Dining room and from there to the cells to remain untill morning.

During the evening, the men read and smoke in thier crowded cells. Talk from cell to cell is forbidden. The night guard passes papers from cell to cell and one inmate goes around with a torch to light the men's pipes as no matches are allowed. The lights are turned out at 9 p. m.;

and so ends the day at Joliet—with another day exactly like it to begin nine and a half hours later.

For the men who do not have any work to do (and often there are hundreds for whom the prison authorities are not able to provide work), the conditions are much worse. They are taken out into the prison yard and given exercise for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, by marching them around and around the enclosure. If a man is unlucky enough to have a ball and chain, as one occasionally does for attempting to escape, he has to carry it along with him. The rest of the time must be spent in idleness in the cell, sometimes as many as four men having to share the narrow quarters.

During the week each shop has some certain day on which the men take thier bath and go to the bath room for that purpose. This bathroom contains 50 shower baths. The men in each shop are also shaved twice each week and receive one hair cut a month and the barbers carry thier chairs and table to the shops for that purpose.

On Saturday morning the men are given a picture show in the chapel.

The Sunday schedule differs from the other days of the week. Sunday morning the men get up at the tap of the bell, clean up, and go to breakfast. The food at Joliet is very plain and as the bill of fare very seldom changes, it grows very tiresome. You always receive the same meal on each Monday and each day of the week has its special bill of fare. The Sunday bill of fare is supposed to be a little better.

After breakfast on Sunday, anyone who desires can attend Sunday School. This school is in charge of outside teachers from Joliet who I believe have done much good and have cheerfully gave up thier own amusements to help the men in the prison. After Sunday School comes the regular Sunday

Chapel services at which all attend if they desire. The Catholics take one Sunday and the Protestants the next and so on.

At the regular services, you will generaly find people from the outside who give some form of entertainment to the men. I have listened to some very fine music, also heard many fine speeches by noted people during the many years I spent in Joliet. I know that the efforts of all those good people who have so kindly given thier time and services to make the day a little brighter for the men have been greatly appreciated and much good has been done.

After Chapel, the men go to dinner and from there to thier cells where they remain locked up untill Monday morning, reading or sleeping.

This is the way we live from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year.

I have stated that often there are many prisoners without occupation of any kind. After the contracts left Joliet prison on July 1, 1904, about 1,600 convicts were left without work.

Please understand that for a man to retain his mental balance in prison he must have work or something else to take his mind from his troubles. I have never yet met a man in prison who did not worry over his imprisonment and I do know that work has saved more than one man from going insane. I have heard men beg the Deputy Warden for work and these very same men would not work under any consideration outside of prison.

When I was in the old Joliet prison, before being moved to the new one, some of the men were without work for 2½ years and during that time were kept locked in those small cells with hardly any ventilation for 22 hours out of the 24. The men were taken out one gallery at a time for exercise ½ hour in the morning and the same in the afternoon, and this exercise consisted of walking around the prison yard four

times and then returning to the cells. At that time the men were allowed to play checkers in thier cells and this helped pass the time for some of the men, but of course the most of the men did not enjoy this privilidge as you know, to make a checker game interesting, both playres must be about equal in skill and this was hardly possible at that time as the men were paired off as cell mates because of the fact that both men were about of equal hight.

Each keeper in the prison took much pride in sizing his line, for as before stated, the lock-step was the rule. The leader in each line was the shortest man and the line was graduated down untill you found the tallest man at the end. The object in having the small man lead the line was because of the fact that his step was shorter and a man can shorten his step better than he can lengthen it. So the tall man on the rear could keep step better than the short man could, should thier positions be reversed.

At this time the rules regarding marching were very strict. The first order was to keep step. The second order was No Talking. The third order was always keep your face toward the keeper.

The sidewalks in the prison were of stone and were not over 20 inches wide, and as they had been in use many years, they had been worn so that the center was hollow and after a rain storm would be full of water, so that when we were out after a rain, we were sure to be soaking wet to the knees.

A man could not under any circumstances while marching look down, and a violation of any of the rules at that time meant 48 hours in the Hole. In marching lock-step in order to keep perfect time you slide your feet along and can't lift them because you would put every man behind you out of step and the keeper can always locate the offender, so as I say,

we had to slide our feet and as a result during wet weather we got soaked and I believe much sickness could be traced to this cause.

I have stated that some of the men played checkers, but this privilidge was taken from the men later because of the fact that one man stabbed his cell mate over a checker game. Many of the men talked over criminal matters and planned jobs for the future, and of course, there is no way of knowing how much real harm was done in this way.

Many of the idle men spent so much time in sleep that I believe that they stunted thier mental condition. I judge this from my own experience as I was locked up eight months without a job at that time and I slept much; and I arriaved at that conclusion.

Much stuff has been written about the so-called Grape-Vine system, whereby convicts are supposed to communicate with each other secretly in some mysterious manner which the officials are not able to discover. Most of this is bunk and not at all what the general public thinks.

Under the disciplinary methods of modern enlightened prisons, the silent system has been done away with and there are frequent chances for the men to be together, hence there is no need for a grapevine.

In the old days in prison, it was sometimes hard to communicate with each other. The usual way was to pass a note from cell to cell door by the convict on the gallery, but pencils were hard to get and we had to get word by signs instead. These were so limited that they did not give entire satisfaction. The old time method of tapping was used very often. The original system was from one to twenty-six, each tap representing the corresponding letter of the alphabet, but this was so easy for the officers to read that codes were used. This tapping system is very seldom used now except where a number are in solitary and wish to talk to each other.

It is a fact that little goes on in the outside world that does not become known to the convicts almost as soon as the public knows of it. You will find in every prison some convict who has pull enough with some screw to get all of the news from him regarding the outside world. I have never yet been in a prison or heard of one where there was not at least one screw who was not right, from the convict' view-point.

Joliet in the old days was one of the worst prisons in the U. S. so far as the rigid rules were concerned. At that time no daily papers were allowed and even the officers were not allowed to bring one inside the walls, yet I never missed reading my daily paper even then.

Whenever anything contraband is really needed, it can be secured by arrangement with one of the guards. And as for the Grapevine itself—that is mostly in the minds of those who write stuff for the public without really knowing what goes on inside.

Every prison has the great difficulty of keeping certain prisoners from having weapons. There are always certain prison guards who are right from the prisoners' standpoint, and who will furnish anything, even to revolvers, if the reward is great enough. Knives generaly predominate as they are easy to make if they cannot be obtained otherwise. An old file or piece of saw blade from one of the shops can easily be ground down to a blade with a razor edge, and so thin that it can be hid in a shoe or the lining of the clothes.

Every so often there is a general shakedown, as it is called, when all the prisoners are searched for things of this kind and some are always found.

These weapons are prepared for use in case the chance to escape, for which many are always looking, should ever turn up. And in spite of the guards, a lot of escapes are attempted.

After the riot in Joliet, June 5, 1917, the 13 ringleaders were removed to the Hole and kept on the upper tier of the same.

One night in August, I believe, one of the men complained of sickness and the guard on duty unlocked the door and entered the cell which contained four men. As soon as he got in the cell, he was seized and gagged and his revolver was taken from him, also his keys. He was then locked up and the men unlocked the other cells and offered the occupants thier freedom, among whom was Handsome Jack Ketters who refused to go but who did afterwards escape from the Prison Honor Farm and was later captured in California and returned to Joliet to finish his life sentence.

After the men had liberated all that wished to escape, it was decided to wait untill the Capt. of the night guards called to the Solitary on his hourly trip of inspection. The Capt., Mr. Carlson, arriaved at the solitary on time and on entering the same, was pounced upon, beaten and his weapons taken from him, after which the 13 men locked the solitary doors and scaled the prison walls and escaped.

News of this escape was at once flashed to all towns near Joliet with the result that all of the men who got away, with the exception of one negro who separated from the rest and who has never been recaptured, were surrounded and recaptured and returned to prison the next day.

After the men left prison, they stopped a street car, robbed the conductor and passengers of money and clothes, and when returned to the prison were clothed in all manner of clothes such as they had stole after the escape.

Among the number who did escape was James Clure, a negro who entered Joliet December 5, 1916, with the same crowd I went there with. Clure was considered a bad man, having once before been convicted of murder, and his sentence

at the time of his escape was life, for murder. After Clure entered Joliet, he had a fight with another negro and killed him and was in the solitary waiting to be tried for this crime. Clure was then taken to the Joliet jail, tried for murder, and hanged. Before he was executed he was converted and died a Christian, or at least a convert. He sent us a message by the prison priest, telling us that he had realized too late that the only life to lead was the straight one and that the crooked path led to destruction.

Another man named Reppetto was also hung in the Will Co. Jail (Joliet) for a murder committed in the prison dining room. This man, an Italian, a product of the slums of Chicago, refused religious aid and died game, but I believe of the two men, Clure showed more gameness than Reppetto. Reppetto killed the man with a knife. I saw the murder committed, which was during the dinner hour. Reppetto deliberately left his seat at the table, walked over to the man he killed, and plunged a knife in his heart. During all of this time men were shouting and much excitement resulted. The prison band kept playing, as the band leader thought by so doing, that the men would quiet down, but they did not do so untill Capt. Kane returned from the hospital and announced that the man was dead. Reppetto in the meantime was removed to the Solitary and later on tried, convicted, and hung and died as I have stated, unconverted and tough to the end.

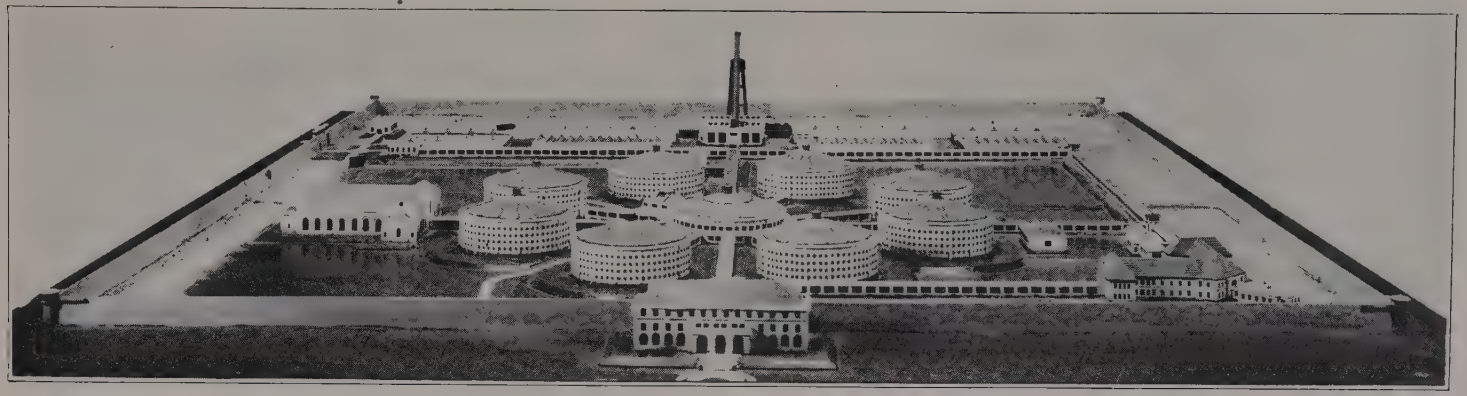
Another murder was committed during my stay there by a man named Perry who was also convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment at Chester where insane convicts are kept. During his stay in Chester he nearly killed another man and finaly escaped, but was later arrested for murder in Michigan, convicted and sentenced to Marquette for life. During his stay there, he tried to kill an officer, but was himself

killed, thus ending a life of crime, again proving that the straight path is the best one to follow.

Another escape was that of Eddie English who was for some years a convict in Joliet prison. He was a very bright, intelligent man, and as a mechanic he was a wonder. His work for the State was of a very high grade. He could make anything that he could see. You will find at the old prison an imitation revolver made by him, which could not be told from the genuine, and with this he nearly succeeded in escaping at one time.

At the new prison at Joliet, the double bars on the cell windows are of such a degree of hardness that they have resisted the efforts of many convicts to cut or saw them. But Eddie and his cell partner, an Italian, serving a life sentence, found some mysterious way to do it. They made tools, cut the bars, removed them and replaced them with dummy wooden bars and thier escape was not discovered untill the next day.

The Italian was never captured and is supposed to be in Italy at the present time. Eddie English entered a pawn shop in Omaha, Nebraska, several months ago to sell a stolen watch, and after an argument with the pawn broker, killed him and was arrested and tried for murder. He foolishly refused an attorney, deciding to conduct his own defense, and is today serving a life sentence in the Nebraska penitentiary. Eddie English was realy an inteligent man and had he used his inteligence in the right direction would have made a success of his life, but his loose screw ruled otherwise.



ILLINOIS STATE PENITENTIARY AT LOCKPORT
(*New prison, now in process of construction*)

CHAPTER XVII.

MEETING WITH DR. EUBANK — PROMOTION FROM THE OLD PRISON AT JOLIET TO THE NEW CELL HOUSE AT LOCKPORT — FURTHER PROMOTION TO THE HONOR FARM COLONY AT VANDALIA — PRESENT LIFE AND OUTLOOK.

One afternoon in February, 1918, word came that Prison Chaplain Patrick wanted to see me. When I went to find him he said he had sent for me to have me meet Dr. Earle Eubank, a College professor from Chicago. Our pleasant conversation that day was the beginning of a friendship which has continued down to the present time. It is because of him, and with his help, that I am writing this story of my life.

Of my stay at the old prison in Joliet there is little more to add. It is, and has been for years, one of the worst prison structures in the country. Its plumbing and ventilation are wretched, and its equipment for the ordinary decencies and health requirements of life is hopelessly bad. Most of the cells have foul smelling soil pails as their toilet accommodations. One tier of cells in the west cell house is below the level of the ground. The state has long recognized these deficiencis, and is slowly building its new prison buildings at Lockport, Illinois, a few miles away from the old prison.

Only one of the new prison cell houses has been completed and the old quarters will have to be used untill there is room for everybody at Lockport. It was my good fortune to be one of those selected to occupy the new cell house, and I was moved there in the year of 1921. This new prison is the latest in prison construction. When finished it will contain eight cell houses circular in form, in the center of which will be the main dining hall. Each cell house will have a

passage leading to the dining hall by a tunnel allowing them to go to meals without getting wet should it be raining.

All of the cell houses are circular in form with a guard tower in the center, allowing the guard to see every man in the cell house as the front of the cells are of glass. In the rear of each cell is a large outside window which the convict can open or shut at will; and direct sunlight can shine into every cell. Each cell also contains a toilet and wash bowl of white porcelain with running hot and cold water. A steam pipe is also in each cell.

There is also a nice spring bed in every cell, and as the walls are as smooth as glass and painted, you will find no bed bugs in the new prison. The roof of each cell house is mostly of glass and as a result each cell receives sunlight at sometime of the day. The construction of all buildings is of reinforced concrete faced with glazed pressed brick which show up very fine.

The cold storage plant is the largest and most up to date of any to be found in any public institution in the U. S. When completed, the work shops will be in one long building running across the yard. The plans also provide for a large administration building, chapel, school house, recreation grounds, and in fact, the most modern, up to date prison of any in the world.

At the present time there are over six hundred convicts employed by those in charge in the construction of this prison. While the work is hard, the privelidges are better, and a transfer from the old to the new prison is much desired not only for the better quarters provided, but also for the hope it gives for promotion to the Prison Honor Farm at Vandalia.

The men go to thier work after breakfast, each line or division as they are called being in charge of one or two keepers and one foreman who directs each man as to the work he

shall do. The Foreman is the boss in all matters regarding work and the keeper has charge of the discipline.

Each morning the men of each prison are permitted to visit the prison doctor if they feel the need of doing so. They are also allowed to talk during meals, and to smoke while at work if they desire. In summer the men are allowed to play ball on Saturday afternoons. In the evenings they are allowed to play checkers, which is not true at Joliet. All of the men at Lockport are employed, but no man is required to do more than his physicall condition would call for. Naturally the men try to behave so as to be chosen to go to Lockport.

After being at Lockport several months, I was lucky enough to be promoted to the Illinois Prison Farm at Vandalia, in May, 1922, where I am now, and where I have written most of these pages. Outside of release, the greatest hope of every convict is to be permitted to come to this place.

The State Farm comprises about 1,200 acres located three miles from Vandalia, the first capital of Illinois, and one of its oldest towns. It was bought by the state not for the purpose of making money, but to make men out of those who go there. The idea is to place us a step closer to society, so that we may better prepare ourselves for the time when we shall finaly be allowed to go back for good.

What a priviledge it is to be allowed to leave a prison with its dreadfull monotony, and to come to this place!

Here there are no keys turned on us. We are permitted to go and come where we will, provided we do not go off of the farm, and at times, for good reasons, we were allowed to go to town alone. At such times, I have been courteously treated by all I came into contact with on the streets and in the different stores. My experience is that the people of the nearby towns have for us a very friendly feeling. We all wear citizens'

clothes and there is nothing to show the convict about us, yet no doubt the people know us all.

At the present time we live in temporary buildings which are a sort of camp, but our beds are good and each contains nice clean sheets, pillow cases, and enough blankets to ensure comfort.

When the bell rings for breakfast I can assure you that we are on hand, for the food is good—such as any farmer eats. A man thoroughly enjoys it after eating prison food for years. After breakfast the men return to the bunk house and wait untill the officer comes to take him to work. We are returned in plenty of time to wash and have some rest before dinner. The afternoon is the same as the morning.

In the evening the men really enjoy life. We are permitted to take books from the Vandalia public library, and we have plenty of books and magazines. During the winter evenings some men prefer to remain in the bunk house and read, write letters, play games, or listen to music. Some also hunt and trap and have been fairly successful. In the summer evenings the men fish and swim. There is no work Saturday afternoon, so the men are at liberty till Monday morning, often going with the farm team to play baseball at some nearby town.

There is room on the farm for about 60 men, and as fast as they are released others replace them. The work is generaly farming, but we have a herd of very fine blooded cattle from which we secure all of the milk, cream and butter necessary for the needs of the camp. This year we raised about 1,200 bushels of corn, as fine a crop as will be found in Illinois. We are also constructing by our own labor and without any outside help one of the largest and strongest double corn cribs in the state; it is built on a solid concrete foundation.

I have set up a little soda pop stand to serve the men, and so am in a small business for myself.

I believe if these suggestions were to be followed that there would be less crime committed as I know that in my own case and many others that the first cause was one of those mentioned above. I believe that we will always have criminals but the number can be greatly reduced by the enactment of good laws and the proper enforcement of the same.

I believe that some men are realy born with the instinct to steal within them. I believe that if the hangout is put out of the way and thieves have no place to meet and plan crime that at least 50% of crime could be stopped at once. The police of all large cities know nearly all hangout joints, also most of the fences (make no mistake about that).

Also, believe me when I say that every city contains some crooked police officials. In Chicago, if necessary, I could mention the names of those who I know to be crooked and will allow the thief to work unmolested for a consideration. I know it is hard to prove a fact sometime, but this can be proven if the officials in charge will act with an open mind. The word of a thief is never taken aganst a police official even when he realy states facts.

It seems to me as though the average citizen likes to be "buncoed" and they always take it for granted that thier public officials are honest. In many cases crooked police could be shown up in thier right colors if the States Attorney or other official in charge would receive and investigate a charge with an open mind. Chicago and other large cities are today run wide open. Everyone knows this, and yet those in charge deny it.

Certain societies organized to prevent crime are of no use. Why? Because politics controll them. No one will admit these facts, yet they are true. You can trace much that contributes to crime indirectly to politics.

The state farm is realy a school of education for it realy educates the public around us that we are realy human beings like the average man, and it also educates the inmates to the extent that the state officials believe that he has some honorable qualities that can be brought out if he will himself do his part.

Our Superintendent, Mr. George A. Brown, is a gentleman who thoroughly understands how to handle men and get the best results from them. He takes a personal interest in every man under his charge and we all go to him when we have troubles of our own and he always listens and gives us counsell and advice. We all feel that he is our friend and I believe will prove himself a very capable man to manage the Vandalia State Farm, and I feel sure that in the future that many men will have reason to be thankfull to him. The officers under Mr. Brown's charge are all efficient and at all times corteous and obliging to the men. And as I said before, we all feel very thankfull to all those concerned for the great privelidge of being allowed to come to the State Farm and to get one step nearer to society.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME PERSONAL OPINIONS OF ONE WHO IS "INSIDE"

This ends the true story of over thirty-five long and bitter years of prison life. In it I have told the exact truth.

I have tried to tell how the criminal acts and how he feels. I have shown how he works and how in a way the honest citizens can protect themselves from theft. I have said that I believe that the manner of conducting the prisons in the past was not conductive to the betterment of the convict. As I have stated all through, I believe that if those in charge will select just the right kind of officials to conduct our prisons, that much good and genueine reformation will result in many cases where just the opposite happens now.

Let the police of the future be honest.
Enact just and equal laws.
Enforce all laws impartialy.
Keep the minor from the pool hall.
Prohibit the sale of trashy literature.
Enforce the law regarding unlawfull cohabitation.
Close the so-called soft drink parlor and hangout.
Send the Fence where he belongs (inside the fence).
Eliminate the crooked lawyer.
Eliminate the crooked bondsman.
Eliminate the crooked fixer.
Eliminate the sale of weapons.
Eliminate the sale of dope.
Prohibit third degree methods.
Enforce compulsory education.
Keep the boy off the streets after 9 P. M.
Conduct our courts in manner I describe.

Do you realize that for a thief (and sometimes an honest man) to give evidence aganst a crooked police official means "death"? I know of some who have died for just this reason and the police let it become known to those of the underworld that such was the manner of dealing with informers aganst the police.

So I say, first remove the crooked police official. Then enact just and proper laws and enforce the same and you will at once cut down crime to a large extent and the honest citizen will have a chance.

One thing more —

When a man is released from prison, no matter how long he has been in, he is started out to re-commence life with one shirt on his back, a paper suit of clothes, and ten dollars in cash. This is exactly what he receives, though he may have worked 20 years for the state.

Can you imagine how the man who has spent many years in prison feels when after a few bright days of freedom he finds himself without the price of a meal or the means to make himself presentable so that he may apply for work? He can realize what the word friendless means and if such a man is fortunate enough at such a time to find a friend who will loan him money, do you think he will fail to return it and also appreciate it as well? I think not. I have been in just this position and know what I speak of, and taken as a class, we are all the same.

Can you realize how hard it would be to make good under such conditions? Until society makes some kind of provision for helping the released prisoner to get back into life on a satisfactory basis, you must expect many of us to fail after we get out. And if we fail the blame is only partly ours.

I don't believe there is any such person as a successful criminal. We all have the deluded idea that we can steal

and not get caught, but I have never yet heard of a man who could realy do so. Some men are more successful than others, but if you stick to it, in the end you will get caught and pay. When you figure the time spent in prison, the mental torture suffered (which no amount of money can pay for), you will find that the same effort spent in honest labor will pay more in every way than that gained by crime. It is only when a man finaly reaches the penitentiary that he begins to realize that no stolen money is easy money.

I have told you in my own poor way the story of my life and what I believe is the cause that starts so many young men on a career of crime. God created us with a brain, the seat of reason. From the time we are born untill we die we learn something either good or bad. It takes will power to do good, while it seems to be natural to do bad.

Man with his strength can take life, but no man with all his so-called knowledge can create life. So let us all admit the existence of "God" and realize that he put us here for a purpose and a good purpose.

I have made a wreck of my own life, yet I have educated myself to the belief that although I have broken man's laws that God's laws are more just and that there is still hope for me and such as I have been.

I said at the beginning of my story that if it would result in some young man turning from the wrong to the right path that I would feel that I had done some little good although I had to be held up as the horrible example in this case.

I am at present ending up my criminal career on the State Farm at Vandalia, Illinois. This farm was created as an Honor Farm and for the benefit of those convicts who show honorable qualities, and I consider it an honor to be here.

When I leave this place I do so with the firm resolution to make my few remaining years, years of success. I shall

try to live such a life as will gain the respect of all those I may come in contact with. Prehaps it will be my pleasure to hear them say, "Well, Clark was a bad guy in his time, but he is realy a good guy now."

So ends my life story up to the present, with much hope for the future.

PART TWO

A CRIMINOLOGICAL NOTE BASED ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By
EARLE EDWARD EUBANK

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CRIMINAL FRONTIER.

The days of the old pioneer frontier of America have passed. There has been no more picturesque phase of our national life than that which was presented on civilization's skirmish lines pushing out into gold camp and cattle country into new areas of a thousand western settlements. It was indeed a world of its own, one never to come to us again.

That old frontier was essentially a masculine world, aggressive and adventurous men forging out ahead into regions where women could come only more slowly; a world largely devoid, therefore, of domestic life and the restraining and stabilizing influences of home and children. It was a restless, highly volatile world, its members here today and gone tomorrow and always restive when the restraints of organized society hedged them about too closely. By its very nature it was unprotected by the social guarantees of law, public opinion and other devices to which mankind usually resorts for safety. Each man was his own law, making his individual judgments, and executing his decrees all too frequently with the trigger finger. The members of that frontier were essentially fortune hunters. Weary of the dull civilian life in a well ordered society or attracted by the gambler's hope of a short cut to wealth, they betook themselves to a region where the law had not yet reached, and where conduct was unfettered.

That is the world which has disappeared except for the moving picture screen. In its place through the slow en-

croachment of time has come law and order and all the mores of a modern domesticated civilization.

There is another frontier, however, which still endures: the frontier of the criminal world, into which also the established ways of conventional society do not penetrate. In spite of its proximity, most of us live in a social zone so entirely self-contained and so remote from this other that except for the newspaper headlines we are hardly aware of its presence. The story which has filled the pages of *Part One* is a story of that border world. Most clearly and unmistakably has the writer revealed the character and inner nature of that region which in many respects parallels that of the other vanished frontier.

What are the frontier characteristics of this nomad's land of which *Convict 5126* has written?

Its first frontier characteristic is that of being primarily a masculine world. Its denizens are nearly all men. A few women are to be found, to be sure, but by no means enough to go around; and those who do come into it are frequently of a special type, over-sophisticated, embittered, and disillusioned perhaps by reason of experiences previously undergone at the hands of polite society. Families are the exception rather than the rule with those who are actively engaged in lives of crime. In fact, one of the most striking characteristics of the criminal seems to be his sense of apartness from a home life of any kind. After embarking upon a career of crime the bonds that unite him to the parental fireside are ordinarily cut and he becomes only an occasional visitor there if even that. His precarious, fluctuating existence ordinarily makes marriage impossible. This means that instead of homes, the criminal helps to create lodging houses and cheap hotels with all of their drabness and discouragement. When he is not on the road, he lives in a realm of saloons, gambling

and amusement places and cheap and temporary rooms. When he does mate, as he sometimes does, it is apt to be without benefit of clergy and of temporary duration.

Added to this is a second frontier characteristic. It is a world outside the law. Statutes and legislative enactments have no meaning as devices of guidance or control. They are merely floating mines to be avoided if possible. This means that, as in the early settlements and camps, each man must be his own law except in so far as he recognizes and abides by the general understanding of his particular group. When one is injured or double-crossed he does not appeal to police or courts, but he or his friends act as judges upon the offender and wreak not justice but vengeance. The result of this is a guerrilla warfare which from time to time flares up in the underworld of our larger cities, a warfare so personal and conducted along such peculiar lines that the victim will often die with his lips voluntarily sealed rather than to turn to his enemy, the courts, for justice. It is a realm of violence where the claims are settled by the claimants themselves and where the hindmost has no appeal from the devil.

Inevitably therefore, as on the old western border, it is an insecure and unsafe and a hazardous world, one that lacks the usual social guarantees of public opinion expressed in law, upheld and enforced by public officials. The criminal is caught all too frequently between the upper millstone of organized law, his open enemy on the outside, and the nether millstone of deception, foul play and treachery from those inside his own group. Facing this double hazard he can never have a single moment of such relaxation as comes only from a sense of perfect safety. If he has been concerned with numbers of crimes, each one is a potential source of discovery and of terror. If his Bertillon is on record the possibility of identification is an ever-dangling Damocles' sword. This consti-

tutes an important reason for never settling down to a family, fixed property and permanent residence. So long as he is dodging the law he cannot take up a profession which would anchor him too closely to one locality. With his probable haunts known to the police, he must live an itinerant life and move, often on a moment's notice, as safety demands.

Small wonder, then, that the population is one of great mobility and variation. Once embarked upon such a career it is almost impossible to have a settled life. Its members tend to be fortune-hunters, asking that the hazard of their lives shall be compensated in quick and generous returns. As fortune-hunters there is within them the virus of the gambler's blood, with its willingness to take a chance, and the gamester's confident expectation that "This time I shall win; this time the cards will fall my way."

A life spent under these circumstances must be one of very restricted happiness or joy, for fear and joy can not dwell together. Whatever satisfactions come are not the quiet, soul-exalting "adventures in contentment". They are rather the hastily snatched pleasures that come from the liquor glass, the gambling table and other dissipations. It is therefore to be expected that free life of any particular resident of this world will be brief, for men can not last long where life is so precarious. However high-grade and capable they may potentially be, they are carried under and lost sight of. Either they drift elsewhere or they get stranded or imprisoned or meet some violent end. Clark testifies that he has never known a permanently successful criminal.

Altho all these discouraging aspects are evident one feels that this is well nigh an irrevocable world. Once in, it pulls like the maelstrom and does not let its victims go. Those who have become professionals seldom return to law-abiding citizenship. Over and over again Clark meets his friends whom

he had known in prison or around criminal haunts. Always they are back on the same job. Never does he find them altered, nor turning away from the old life. Interests and tastes have developed which cannot be satisfied by conventional walks of life. There is no desire to break the chain that binds them—at least none that is strong enough to compel the change.

These things, however, must not blind us to the fact that it is, withal, a very human world. Its loves and hates, its exaltations and depressions, its passions, are like those of the world in which the rest of us dwell. There are friendships, like that of Newman and La Rue, willing to go to any limit. There are sacrifices like that of Black Joe, who asked to serve out the sentence of his young friend. There are standards of honor as well as of dishonor. There are the same human hopes, fears and aspirations that stir the rest of mankind. Over and over do the pages of this story drive home the fact that every criminal is first of all a human being—something society has in thought and treatment too often forgotten.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MORES OF THE CRIMINAL FRONTIER.

We are accustomed to think and speak of the "underworld" as one of greatly disorganized life. One who crosses the boundary line which separates it from the realm of established conventions finds himself at once in a region whose ways of life appear, because of their very differences, to be without rime or reason or system. But in reality, paradoxical though it may seem, there exists beneath its external evidences of fluctuation and instability an amazing degree of organization. It will be found to have its own particular customs and traditions, its own loyalties, codes, ideals, attitudes, public opinion, and folkways, all of which are as characteristic of it as are the culture manifestations of any other group of human society. There is, moreover, a quasi-professional atmosphere and setting which gives rise to a sort of craft fellowship. It has a professional technique that is distinctive and communicable, and it is accompanied by the pride of workmanship which accompanies other crafts. It even possesses to a certain extent a language of its own[1], making use of words and phrases which would be unintelligible to the uninitiated.

An understanding of the criminal frontier must begin with an understanding of its mores, "the popular usages and traditions, when they include a judgment that they are conducive to societal (group) welfare, and when they exert a coercion on the individual to conform to them, although they are not coordinated by any authority."[2] And an under-

(1) See Glossary of Criminal Jargon, on page 171.
See also "You Can't Win", by Jack Black (Macmillan, 1926) for a fascinating narrative of criminal life, richly embellished with its argot.
(2) William G. Sumner, "Folkways", Preface.

standing of the mores must begin with a recognition of the peculiar significance of the "we-group". Important throughout society, it is especially so on any frontier, for there its existence is intensified. The population of the crime-world, an Ishmael-like body, "its hand against every man, and every man's hand against it", constitutes a sharply defined we-group, or rather, a series of such groups, of kindred character.

William G. Sumner has given us a key to its analysis. In many respects what he has written of "primitive society" may be applied verbatim to criminal society:

"The conception of 'primitive society' ('criminal society') which we ought to form is that of small groups scattered over a territory. The size of the groups is determined by the conditions of the struggle for existence. The internal organization of each group corresponds to its size. A group of groups may have some relation to each other — which draws them together and differentiates them from others. Thus a differentiation arises between ourselves, the we-group, or in-group, and everybody else, or the others-groups, out-groups. The insiders in a we-group are in a relation of peace, order, law, government, and industry, to each other. Their relation to all outsiders, or others-groups, is one of war and plunder, except so far as agreements have modified it. * * *

"The relation of comradeship and peace in the we-group and that of hostility and war towards others-groups are correlative to each other. The exigencies of war with outsiders are what make peace inside, lest internal discord should weaken the we-group for war. These exigencies also make government and law in the in-group, in order to prevent quarrels and enforce discipline. Thus war and peace have reacted on each other and developed each other, one within the group, the other in the intergroup relation. The closer the neighbors, and the stronger they are, the intenser is the warfare, and then the intenser is the internal organization and discipline of each. Sentiments are produced to correspond. Loyalty to the group, sacrifices for it, hatred and contempt for outsiders, brotherhood within, warlikeness without — all grow together, common products of the same situation."(1)

The sentences just quoted have a peculiar applicability to criminal society. It is composed of necessity of small groups scattered over a territory. The size of the groups is most literally determined by the conditions of the struggle for exist-

(1) "Folkways", pp. 12 and 13.

ence; in this case the struggle being largely measurable in terms of police activity. A "wide open" town will become a congregating place for criminals from all over the country, whereas, a town whose officials make a criminal career a hard row to hoe will compel them of necessity to break up into even smaller groups and to keep moving from place to place. There is, indeed, a constant fluidity of groupings that is deceptive to an inexperienced eye. Partners are readily made and unmade, a constant shifting of locale is demanded by day to day exigencies, groups seem to form and dissolve with the readiness of summer clouds. But beneath it all is a "consciousness of kind" that establishes a kinship and maintains a comparative unity. By a sort of societary gravitation its members concentrate in the same areas of the various cities. In these Hobohemias, and in the "jungles" known to the Knights of the Road, over and over again they encounter the same familiar faces of friends and acquaintances. Naturally when the groups are small and on the move the internal structure must be much looser than that of a group entrenched in a Chicago gang-land, for example, whose sense of security makes it possible for them to organize on a terrifying scale.

Except for the fact that the criminal we-group, being made up of people whose sense of moral obligation is low, will inevitably have traitors in its ranks—"double-crossers", "stool pigeons", "snitchers", and the like—it is true that its inside members are normally "in a relation of peace, order, law, government, and industry" to each other.

It is still further true that the degree of comradeship and peace inside apparently bears a direct ratio to the degree of hostility, and warfare with the organized authorities. While in time of quiet there will be all sorts of feuds between rival individuals or gangs of the underworld, when opposition from the police and the courts becomes dangerous they will be

sharply drawn together for mutual support by reason of their fear of a common foe, "lest internal discord should weaken the group for war." Because these enemies are always geographically near there is ordinarily a constant state of tension which makes for the development of self-consciousness within the group, which soon becomes definitely crystallized.

The corresponding sentiments which are produced are made strikingly apparent within this narrative. "Loyalty to the group, sacrifice for it, hatred and contempt for outsiders, brotherhood within, warlikeness without"—all of these appear over and over again in Clark's narrative, and are the more significant when they do appear because of the narrator's ignorance of any such sociological generalizations.

These things to which reference has been made give to the criminal world a vivid reality. There is produced what Dr. Robert E. Park(1) has called a sort of "moral climate" in which a culprit feels at home as he does nowhere else, one "in which his peculiar nature obtains the stimulation that brings his innate qualities in full and free expression." Furthermore:

> "In the city every vocation, even that of a beggar (or of a criminal) tends to assume the character of a profession, and the discipline which success in any vocation imposes, together with the associations that it enforces, emphasizes this tendency—the tendency, namely, not merely to specialize, but to rationalize one's occupation and to develop a specific and conscious technique for carrying it on. * * * The effect of the vocations and the division of labor is to produce * * * vocational types.
>
> "It is inevitable that individuals who seek the same forms of excitement, whether that excitement be furnished by a horse race or by grand opera, should find themselves in the same places. The result of this is that in the organization which city life spontaneously assumes the population tends to segregate itself, not merely in accordance with its interests, but in accordance with its tastes or temperaments."(2)

We, of the more conventional orders of society, are at ease in the world in which we live because we are adjusted to

(1) "The City. Suggestions for the Investigation of Human Behavior in the City Environment." American Journal of Sociology, Vol. 20, March, 1915.
This, with some revisions, also appears as Chap. 1 of "The City", by Park, Burgess and others. (University of Chicago Press, 1925.)
(2) Robert E. Park, op. cit. pp. 14 and 43.

the customs, traditions, codes, ideals, attitudes, and folkways, the mores which constitute it, and because we are, generally speaking, in sympathy with them. Because to us they are familiar we are at home among them. "There is no place like home", not merely because we are bound by ties of affection to the other members of the family, but because of the completeness of our degree of accommodation to the whole *milieu*. We can be ourselves there as nowhere else. We can relax and be off guard. Even the arrangement of the furniture and rooms becomes in a peculiar way simply an extension of our own personalities. When we go elsewhere there is ordinarily a feeling of strangeness because we are as yet unadjusted to the physical and social environment.

Now the point of sociological emphasis in regard to the criminal world is, that in exactly the same way that we should be strange and uncomfortable, unadjusted and out of place if we were transposed to criminal environs, so the criminal is made to feel wholly out of place within our more conventional world. We live in our world, they in theirs, and it is impossible successfully to shift a person from one world to the other without at the same time providing means for the assimilation of the newcomer to his new world. Just exactly as the newly arrived immigrant must go through a process of Americanization (which in its technical sense simply means that he must become assimilated into American life), so the criminal must become conventionalized if he is to be made to feel at home in a non-criminal world.

Let us consider in the following paragraphs some of the distinctive features that are a part of the mores of the criminal frontier.

Standards and Ideals.

We are accustomed to declare that criminals are without standards and ideals. This is incorrect. Their standards and

ideals are as definite, as specific, as any which the rest of us may hold. It is because they are different from ours that we adjudge them to be wholly lacking. Notice, for example, the very distinct line of social stratification among them. To us a criminal is a criminal, with little distinction between classes; but among themselves there are definite social gradations. The "peter man" or safe blower, stands at the very top as a craftsman. The "yegg", "the stick-up man", the "prowler", are next in line. The "dip" is low down in the scale and a "moll buzzer" at the lowest round. Sneak thievery and petit larceny are regarded as "small stuff", while "bums" and "hoodlums" are the very dregs with whom a self-respecting thief will not associate if he can help it.

Again, there is manifest a genuine pride of craft. With something of the same satisfaction with which a skillful surgeon will regard some successful operation, the criminal will regard some exploit of his own. Quite aside from any gain that may result from it, there is a pride of craftsmanship in having skillfully carried out an undertaking.

One of Clark's matters of gratification is that, with the single exception in the episode of the crock of gold, he has never used violence or threats in any criminal action; and this, he informs me, is something of a boast with a good many criminals whom he has known.

Note moreover that once within the prison, whose inmates are all supposed to be upon a level, there are very definite demarcations. The "high up" does not eat at the same table with the common felons but has special meals served in the bakery. Exemptions from certain prison routines are given to the privileged few. Moreover, criminals whose career has given them dignity and standing among their fellow criminals refuse to associate with the riffraff of petty thieves, disorderlies and common drunks.

Criminals of the higher type, furthermore, must live up to a certain style. Altho cheap quarters are the rule, where circumstances warrant it and residence is sufficiently prolonged, they must have worthy living accommodations, apartments being sometimes decorated with the fruits of their depredations. If a woman can be added to the establishment it is even more classy. Here as much as anywhere else it is important to "keep up with the Joneses". This costs money and one can not be a tight wad. Generosity and free spending is an unwritten law within this region. This is one reason why wealth is rarely accumulated. Easy money is easily spent.

Professional Technique.

As suggested above, there is a pride of craftsmanship that is almost as definite with the professional criminal as with the professional physician. There is always a right way of doing things, and the contempt of the skillful performer for the clumsy hand, the apprentice, is as great as that of the professional musician for the blundering efforts of the awkward beginner. While the newspaper stories which sometimes appear, telling of "schools" for instruction in crime, with certificates of graduation, are mostly pure inventions, there is undoubtedly a wide range of coaching and personal instruction in the mysteries of the art. An old hand at the game delights in teaching newcomers. This is one of the reasons why it is fatal to allow the first offender to consort in prison with experienced offenders. Our prisons and jails are probably quite literally more nearly schools for crime than any other place. It is a curious and significant commentary upon our intelligence that we continue to permit them to be so.

What are some of the major phases of criminal technique?(1) First, note certain craft distinctions. "Prowling"

(1) See "You Can't Win", op. cit., for illuminating disclosures of methods of operation.

is to rob a house by stealth, usually meaning while the family is at home. It is to be distinguished from "slow work", which is carried on in the absence of the family. The technique of entry and of inside activity of the two are quite different. Another important thing to learn is how to approach a prospective job with safety. A telephone call to a house it is planned to rob will reveal whether or not the inmates are at home. If the 'phone is answered, a fictitious person is asked for, followed by regrets at having obtained the wrong number. If there is no 'phone response this is followed up by a call at the front door. If by any chance the door call is answered, again a fictitious inquiry is made. Or even if the house is occupied admission can be affected upon the excuse of reading gas, or electric, or water meter, or for the purpose of inspecting the plumbing or wiring or roofing. In a variety of other ways the thief may become ingenious in making a plausible entrance. Sometimes this is done in advance, so that plans may be prepared for a later visit. A proficient house-breaker must have a wide knowledge of locks and of the various master combinations of keys. He must be something of a locksmith and know how to turn keys that are on the inside of the door. Clark pays high tribute to the keys of a certain famous make, saying that any house-breaker would gladly pay several hundred dollars for the master set to this lock, which is almost unpickable.

"A hotel worker" is one who specializes in robbing hotel rooms. He must have a knowledge of the inside workings of the hotel and the ability to get by the hotel staff. "The stick-up man" must know movements of travel and of strategic places in which to do his work. He must learn how to get the drop on his victim and to extract his valuables without exposing himself to attack. The "dip" or pick-pocket takes possessions off the person of his victim in concealment of the

crowd, frequently protected by a "stall' who covers his movements or detracts attention. How to unfasten or cut open a woman's hand-bag, how to extract a valuable scarf pin from the wearer's cravat, how to coax purses out of the pockets of portly gentlemen: all of these require practice, knowledge, and skill.

Safe-blowing calls for still another technique. One must not only know how to secure or manufacture the explosive, but he must be proficient in the matter of tools and tool-work, of the mechanism of safes, of methods of silencing the explosion. An even higher skill is called for in the art of opening safes without the use of explosives. Of course, the science of safe and lock manufacture has reached such a point of development as to make the modern bank vault practically burglar proof. But there are still many safes of the older variety, especially in the small town banks and in places of business, that will yield to the criminal who has knowledge of intricate locks and combinations.

With it all there must be a wide knowledge of practical psychology, an acquaintance with the habits, attitudes, and reactions of people, together with an ingenuity in meeting unexpected situations.

Just as the dentist, the jeweler, the plumber, the carpenter must each have their set of distinctive tools, so must the professional criminal. They are so characteristic and unmistakable that their very possession is designated on the statute books as a crime.

Another point is worthy of note in the attitudes of the criminal group. While it is true that one may purely for technical reasons prefer to work by himself as a lone hand, one can not remain a criminal long without becoming a member of some crowd. Outsiders are not long tolerated. The attitude of the group to an outsider is comparable to that of

a union toward a scab worker. While a sporadic criminal may get by alone for a while, if he seeks to become a professional he must stand in with the crowd. Indeed, so strong is the "we-group" feeling that one who does not belong may quite easily have more to fear from the gang itself with whom he is failing to cooperate than from the police. And as an outsider he cannot avail himself of the sources of protection and support which they afford their own members.

From the standpoint of the community as a whole the most important point to be considered under technique is the matter of organization in its larger phases for carrying on the work. It is far more elaborate than an uninformed person can easily imagine.

As a physical basis they must have definite meeting places, rendezvous and hangouts where they may meet and plan, and where free hours may be spent. They must also have refuges to which they can turn for concealment when too closely pursued.

Among themselves must be provision for needs as they arise: "fall money" to be saved and drawn on only in case of arrest; credit arrangements for loans, which are often made without note or security; and a willingness to share with one another when funds are low.

It is necessary to have a disposal system for stolen goods. The thief himself cannot market such wares indiscriminately. The hazard is too great, for the market is limited, and they are under surveillance by the authorities. At this point a "fence" is indispensable. He has reserves which enable him to pay cash for stolen goods—usually at only a fraction of the true value—which he conceals until after the hue and cry is over. He holds valuables until a favorable opening for their disposal appears, sometimes being obliged to wait for years. He must also be able if needful to modify the form and setting

of certain jewelry and plate to prevent identification, melting down the metal if there is no other way of altering beyond recognition.

Efforts at systematic protection extend further still. There are bribable police who must be found and induced to connive at what goes on within a certain district or place. There are bondsmen who must be engaged and hold themselves ready to appear in court at a moment's notice and give bail for one who has been arrested. There are lawyers who must be retained to handle the case at trial should it go that far; not necessarily the best legal talent in the city, but if possible attorneys who have influence with the proper officials, who can dictate decisions or find ways of deflecting penalties.(1)

All this presupposes a definite system of information interchange, which must be kept smoothly working.

Codes of Conduct.

Probably there is nothing more distinctive of a group than its codes. These are the criteria of value by which human minds measure other persons and groups. Those who fail to conform to ours stand under our disapproval. Those who conform we approve. Each group has its own distinctive codes and their general acceptance or rejection marks the difference between belonging and failing to belong. Among those of the criminal frontier the following may be mentioned without comment:

Don't peach on a pal.

Where two or more suspects are involved, the one against

(1) See "You Can't Win", op. cit., Chapter XXII, for a graphic account of corruption of justice. Jack Black's summary of the situation following his conviction for burglary runs as follows:

"I was guilty. Justice had overtaken me. But let us see how justice fared. It seemed to me that the blind goddess got a tough deal herself. Everybody connected with the case outraged her. The first judge took money. The coppers framed me in. The witnesses perjured themselves. The second judge was so feloniously righteous that he stood in with the framing. My lawyer was a receiver of stolen goods — even stole some from me. And the police told me that the Jewelers' Association beat them out of the reward."

whom the evidence is conclusive must if possible "take the rap" in order to let the others go free.

A friend in need must be helped. Loans are frequently made without security, and the last dollar is often divided with a pal. Funds to live on must be provided for an unfortunate friend until he gets on his feet again, especially for one just out of prison, who usually has no other place to which he can turn.

The ideal, particularly among the younger group, is to be a "real bad guy". No matter what disapproval society may express, this is more than compensated for by the approval of one's own gang, whose admiration for one's daring, courage, skill and defiance of the law will be in direct ratio to the risk encountered or the penalty incurred.

Don't whine no matter what the law may do to you. Take your medicine, and if necessary, die game.

Needless to say in this, as in all other groups, the fundamental virtue is that of loyalty. Anything can be forgiven more easily than that of turning traitor to one's own crowd. It is the same for them in essence as it is within any other group, whether it be team, or family, or fraternity, or lodge, or political party. The deserter from the ranks is the person above all others most abhorred, and toward whom retaliation is most swift.

In spite of this being the case, it is significant to note how frequently there is a shift of loyalty and a break down of security through the treachery or weakness of a former insider. The possible crookedness of fellow crooks is an ever-present peril, and dishonor among thieves is to be counted on as definitely as honor.

This is revealed a number of times in Clark's story. Annie, with whom he lived most intimately, calmly took another mate. Allen, and Butler, and Curly, whom he had tried to

befriend, offered evidence which incriminated him. Trusted fences turned out to be stool pigeons. The double-cross is an inside peril from which one is never free.

Turning state's evidence, which the law-abiding public regards as commendable, is high treason among criminals. The convicted man is frequently placed between desperate alternatives. He may be offered immunity by the state at the price of implicating his pals. If he remains silent he will receive their applause, which he must enjoy in the solitude of a prison cell. If he "squeals" he may go free, only to live in daily terror of their vengeance.

In concluding this topic we emphasize once more that the attitude of the criminal toward conventional society is that of an outsider. He is not a member of it; he feels bound by no obligation and no law which it may impose. To him it is as unreal as his is to us. The thing which controls him is the approval of his own particular group as expressed in its public opinion and its mores. What his own criminal world thinks and desires is—save for the exceptions noted above—the final criterion which outweighs the disapproval of all the rest of society.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A CRIMINAL.

How does one become a criminal? By what subtle process does one find his way into these purlieus of respectable society, whose life and manners set them so distinctly apart? Lombroso and his followers explained it in terms of a biologically "criminal type", "a special type of the human race standing midway between the lunatic and the savage", whose psycho-physical organization, prenatally determined, destined him to be an offender against mankind. Others have maintained that criminality is a disease, a form of illness, and is to be dealt with purely as a problem of pathology.

While undoubtedly, as various studies have shown, there is a considerable proportion of criminals who are of defective mentality, the present opinion of criminologists discounts mental defect as the major factor of crime.[1] The autobiography of Charles L. Clark has given a much more accurate answer to the above questions than can be obtained from ordinary sources. Here is a case study of unusual range, with the stages of the tragic journey clearly defined. His story might be called *The Natural History of a Criminal.*

Early anti-social influences paved the way for the first steps. Those with whom he associated and whose esteem he desired were already engaged in minor crimes. Not only was there no sentiment against delinquency; it was actually a test of manhood in his crowd. To be worthy of his mates' approval

(1) For critical evaluation of studies on this point, see E. H. Sutherland, "Criminology", Chapter VI (Lippincott, 1924); P. A. Parsons, "Crime and the Criminal", Chapter VI (Knopf), 1926); and J. L. Gillin, "Criminology and Penology", Chapter VII (Century, 1926).

he must emulate their ways. What Miss Jane Addams so aptly calls 'the quest of adventure" added its lure of excitement, and the game became worth while for its own sake. Dime novels entered in to overstimulate and quicken admiration for criminal heroes. Thus the world of fancy reinforced the world of fact. Observation led ultimately to imitation. Participation became not only a logical but a very certain sequence. Petty gambling with its losses led to petty thieving to pay expenses as well as to win admiration from his gang.

The gang, whose psychology and sociology is becoming more and more clear under the close examination of Thrasher[1] and others, is the natural starting point for his unhappy career.

Second only to the gang itself in importance was the rendezvous, a hangout in which its members could freely congregate. Tom McBane's saloon, a replica of hundreds to be found in every city in the pre-Volsteadian days, and but thinly veiled since, was an ideal haven for 'teen-age boys already started crimeward. The type of environment was such as to foster the most anti-social conduct. Prize-fighters, thieves, gamblers, were the models set before boyish hero-worshippers. From the lips of these great ones came stories that lost nothing in the telling; stories of law-breaking and sordid adventure, but all enshrouded in an aura of romance. The fact that there was no police molestation gave tacit sanction to all that went on.

A more challenging standard of approval was now set up. It was one thing to have the adulation of one's equals; but to win the admiration of these adult heroes was a mark much more worth shooting at. To gain such lofty commendation one must be "a real bad guy", and crimes worthy of the name must be undertaken to deserve such a name. Probably the

(1) See "The Gang", by Frederick Thrasher (University of Chicago Press, 1926.)

desire to accomplish some feat worthy of praise from the lips of grown-up and experienced men was at first as much of an incentive to crime as was the prospect of gain itself.

A House of Correction sentence eventually and inevitably followed. Instead of being a check to his developing habits it was rather the accolade of criminal knighthood. To his fellows as to himself this was evidence, in which he gloried, that he had at last actually "arrived". Prestige was now his. A status previously denied was conferred by this initiatory rite. He now had a reputation to live up to, and no time was lost in becoming still more worthy of the name. He now was ready for promotion from the "bush league" to the "big time", and he embarked upon still more daring adventures which resulted in the dignity and distinction of a full-fledged criminal court trial.

The next factor in Clark's career was a harsh judge, and a court unable to distinguish between an offender and an offense. We are living today in an era of juvenile courts presided over by humane judges possessed of a knowledge of boy psychology. Undoubtedly this is responsible for saving many a lad whose criminal career would only have been hastened under the older system, which was more intent upon punishment than upon the reformation of the delinquent.

Once inside a prison his knowledge of crime and criminals grew apace. Here he was thrust by the law which the law-respecting people of the state had carelessly made, into enforced intimacy with experienced offenders from whom he should by all means have been protected. Under their apt tutelage he received far more detailed instructions as to future depredations than would otherwise have been possible. With the teachers it was a matter of pride to pass on their superior wisdom to a ready student; with him it was a privilege and an honor to be the pupil of such distinguished and

worldly-wise teachers. To both the weary passing of time was shortened by fascinating intercourse, with all the intimacy and effectiveness of "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other". Here, in truth, was (and is) a veritable school of crime.

Much of the bitter and cynical attitude of these teachers he readily absorbed: the feeling of being unjustly treated at the hands of society, and that one must resort to crime in order to get even; that society, as exemplified in crooked police and vindictive judges, is hypocritical and cruel and entitled to no respect; that after all, the world owes one a living which one is entitled to collect in any way he sees fit. The fact of being punished at all soon came by some twist of thought to be regarded as injustice *per se.* An added bitterness and malevolence was soon engendered because of the superfluous harshness of the tortures of prison discipline then in vogue. The strap, which left the back a mass of raw sores; the water-cure; the humming-bird; the demon's cage; the straight-jacket; suspension by wrists or thumbs with toes barely touching the floor; all these are hideous vestiges of medieval society, and have long since demonstrated their inability to reform offenders. At their best they crush and terrify; at their worst they increase the victim's hatred of mankind and make him but the more determined and ruthless in his resolution to even up the score.

To the horrors of corporal punishment that often left the recipient more dead than alive, the barbarity of contract labor added both insult and injury. However reconciled the convict might be to working for the state, to work for the enrichment of private concerns was an unfailing—and just—cause of resentment. All thought of reform, education, or human welfare was forgotten in the contractor's purpose to get the most possible out of the enforced labor, and both

labor overseers and the driven men were reduced to beasts in the process.

That both contract labor and corporal punishment have so largely disappeared from modern prisons is a sign of awakening public conscience as well as a vindication of their condemnation through the years by those who could view them objectively.

But if these middle-age torments have passed away in large measure, another to which Clark was subjected—as thousands of convicts still are—was that of prison idleness. The effect upon mind and body of day after day of unoccupied time, most of it spent in the narrow confines of a cell too small to permit exercise, needs no comment here. Character depravities of the most devastating sort for those who retain mental balance, insanity for the rest—these are still prison commonplaces.

What a commentary the typical jail or prison is upon our human intelligence! In theory, one of the major functions of such institutions is to prepare its inmates for return to normal society. By what curious inconsistency, then, do we make it a place which is as far removed as possible from that normal life for which it is supposed to prepare. One who is expecting to be fitted for the life of a nurse is given months of experience beforehand by the side of actual sick beds. One who is expecting to be a civil engineer learns by active participation the work of surveying and measuring. But the very antithesis of this principle is applied to the criminal within the miscalled reformatory. While the old silent system has disappeared for the most part, men are still isolated in tiny cells and given the most perfunctory contact with each other and with normal society. The deadening and destructive monotony of the endless and never-changing routine, as clearly shown in Clark's sixteenth chapter, is as mechanical

and clock-like as a machine, and reduces the prisoner to a hopeless automaton. Visits with friends and relatives are reduced to a minimum. In some institutions one letter a month is all that may be written.

Now, the sociologist recognizes that all that goes to make for the development of civilization is produced through human interaction. Only by means of social contact and association is culture developed. Isolation is a social vacuum which is as destructive of growth, and of life itself eventually, as a physical vacuum is of biological germination. If left in prolonged isolation a man loses the very characteristics which make him human. To shut off the convict from a reasonable amount of normal human association, then, tends inevitably to dehumanize him and to make future readjustment to social life extremely difficult.

To this fundamental violation of social law must be added the failure to provide the prisoner with a practical trade by which he can make a livelihood when he is released. And physical deterioration almost surely follows the lack of provision for exercise and recreation, to say nothing of the health hazards growing out of improper food and poor sanitation. Prisons are still in use that were built decades ago, before modern architecture showed how to make them fit for human habitation. And much of present prison administration is quite as hopelessly obsolete.

We are now ready to consider the final, and most critical, step in the making of a criminal as revealed in this autobiography:

At last comes the day of release. The man who steps out through the door into free air again is a different creature from the one who went in there originally. He is below par physically, and has perhaps mentally deteriorated as well. Certainly his attitudes toward the world at large are unwhole-

STATEMENT OF RESOURCES PROVIDED BY VARIOUS LE

Reported in Dece

Institution	*What Railroad Fare*	*What Clot*
California — State Prison	Fare to place of conviction.	Complete ne
Illinois— State Prison	Fare to place of conviction.	Suit of cloth
Indiana— State Prison	Fare to county where convicted. If leaving state, fare paid to Indiana state line.	Complete ou
Kansas— State Prison		Complete ou
Massachusetts— State Prison	Fare to place in which he is to live.	Complete ou
Minnesota— State Prison		Complete ou
Missouri— State Prison	Fare to county where sentenced.	Complete ou
New York— State Prison	Fare to place of conviction.	Complete ou
Ohio— State Prison		Complete ou
Pennsylvania— Western State Prison		Complete ou
Rockview State Prison		Complete ou
Eastern State Prison		Complete ou
Pa. Ind. Reformatory		Complete o cept overcoa
State Ind. Home for Women		Complete ou
Wisconsin— State Prison	Fare to place sentenced.	Complete ou

some, for he has had little during his confinement to counteract his steadily growing ill will and desire to get even. He has no job. He has received little preparation for one. He knows, moreover, that if his prison record is known he will not only be refused employment nearly everywhere, but he will be shunned by that very society in which he is ordered to instate himself. Instead of being welcomed by "respectable citizens" he will be avoided and suspected.

And what are his financial resources, his sole grub stake upon which to depend until he gets on his feet again? A cheap suit of clothes, a railroad ticket to some point within the state, and five dollars, or perhaps ten if the state is disposed to be generous.(1) What reader of these lines would be able to make a satisfactory new start in life in a community where he was friendless and unknown, with so slender a margin as this? Even without the stigma of a prison record, and without the sense of hopelessness which accompanies it, the task would be one to challenge a stout heart. With such handicaps the question assumes much greater proportions. The sheer problem of how to keep alive soon confronts the outgoing ex-convict.

This is a time of all times when friends are most desperately needed. Except in a minority of cases, the only friends to whom he can turn with assurance are his former pals of the border world. But he has been told while in prison that he must cut out his old associates and have nothing more to do with them. Just how practical is that advice to any other person? Who of us would find it possible to remain in any community where we have friends and acquaintances without having contact with any of them? One cannot arbitrarily shift from one circle to another, and by a gesture wipe the former out of existence. If this is difficult for one

(1) This situation, widely prevalent during most of Clark's career, is a little better now in some states, but not in many. The tabulation opposite has been made from information received from the various institutions during December, 1926. The amount of "money earned" is usually negligible.

in normal circumstances, it is much more difficult for one who is looked upon as dangerous by those of polite society which he is told must be his future range of association.

Small wonder, then, that the average criminal upon release returns to the only world that is known to him, the criminal frontier which is already friendly and ready to receive him again. Any other is a foreign country, strange and unreal, and one to which he has neither passport nor passage money. Among his old fellows and their kind he finds congeniality, friendship, and practical aid. They will share their resources with him to the last dollar, and assist him to get a fresh start—albeit a criminal start. Above all, he finds among them that which is denied him everywhere else, fellowship and that response which is the human heart's deepest craving. Here is an "area of sympathy" when sympathy is lacking in every other quarter. It is a world where he fits and feels at home because its population is composed of kindred spirits and its mores are his own. The respectable world brands him, avoids him, denies him a living, is overquick in suspicion and oversevere in condemnation. For him there is little choice. He returns to his old haunts because he can live at ease nowhere else, if indeed he can live elsewhere at all. And once he has returned he must accept its mores and be subject to its influences.

This is the tragic circle which, with minor variations, Clark's story repeats over and over again. Initial influences made entrance into such a life a path of least resistance. Once in the maze the way led on and on into an ever deeper labyrinth from which escape was increasingly difficult. Then, when organized society came to deal with him the clumsy and unintelligent handling of the situation only intensified the already developing attitudes. The attitude of the community in general made assimilation difficult, even had he desired to turn from the old life to the new after release from prison,

which apparently he did not. Once out, his criminal life was therefore resumed, to be followed by another prison sentence as unreformative as the first. And thus, for nearly half a century his life has been an alternation of periods of confinement and release, but always within the inevitable circle.

Let this not be misunderstood as interpreting Clark as a mere puppet in the hands of an inexorable environment which he had no power to resist. Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, and from time to time generous friends, have all appeared to lend a hand to his restoration, as he himself frankly states. He has had the advantages of the parole system in his later years—something not in vogue when he was young, and all too imperfectly administered now. He cannot fairly claim that he has had no "chance", for in spite of circumstances as adverse as described he has from time to time had helping hands extended by which he has not profited. Perhaps had these come at the beginning of his long, unequal battle against society and before his attitudes had hardened, the story would have been different.

However that might have been, the record as it stands is a clear picture of the part society plays in the making of a criminal. It is easy to see how, under parallel circumstances, almost any one who reads these pages might travel the same path. One does not become a criminal by birth. There is no Lombrosian Kismet that has written into the physiological structure of certain men that they are doomed to its inheritance. Force of circumstance brings a person into its range. Weakness of will-power, often due in large measure to defective mentality, may lead one to follow a path of least resistance. Another who lacks nothing of strength of will may be lured into it by the attractions it seems to offer. Any one of us, once in, would soon have found its ways our ways, its people our people, and ere long we, too, should have found tastes and interests for no other sort of life.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION

If the elements in the story of *Convict 5126* were unique there would be little value in it aside from what interest it might have as an entertaining narrative. But it is not unique. His life philosophy, his motivations, his very experiences themselves can be duplicated with but varying details in multitudes of his fellow criminals throughout America's vast prison population. As Judge Hoffman points out in his Foreward, we have in these pages the portrayal of a *typical* professional offender, a man who is a fair generic representative of the criminal frontier. It is more than the Natural History of a Criminal; it is, in essence, the Natural History of Professional Criminals.

Simply because it is typical, the story is of great sociological significance, for it provides a life-long case record for examination, analysis and interpretation. Part Two of this volume is an attempt to interpret, on the basis of this record, the phenomenon of the criminal and his behavior from the standpoint of Sociology. Such an interpretation rests upon certain very elementary, but fundamental, sociological conceptions which may with advantage be here recapitulated:

The first is that *human life is necessarily group life.* The preservation of the individual and the fulfilment of his major needs and desires, both physical and psychic, require a life of group association. From infancy to old age, one can live as a human being only by being a member of various groups to which he is bound by ties of varying degree of interest and necessity.

The second observation is, that *once a person becomes a member of a group he becomes in a very definite way subject to its control.* He cannot continue to remain a part of it without to some extent conforming to its mores. If he desires to have the group's approval and to avoid its disapproval, if he is to secure the advantages of participation in its life he must, within certain limits, accept its standards and direct his conduct along lines approved by them. One cannot live permanently in Rome without accepting the mandates of the Romans on many things. What is more, one cannot voluntarily remain permanently in Rome without coming to believe in Rome's beliefs and approving of Rome's ways. Presumably some kinship of thought or interest takes one to Rome, rather than elsewhere, in the first instance. Prolonged contact, especially where intimate and friendly, increases his willingness to accept their control. All this is of the very essence of the we-group relationship, discussed in an earlier chapter.

The third observation is that *the degree of control which the we-group exercises over a person, other things being equal, will be in proportion to his degree of "oneness" with the group.* This is fundamentally a question of the extent to which he is "assimilated" into his group; "assimilation" being a process of interpenetration and fusion in which persons and groups acquire the memories, sentiments and attitudes of other persons or groups, and by sharing their experiences and history, are incorporated with them in a common cultural life.[1] The more complete is one's fusion with the group, and the more close and sympathetic his identification with it, (other things being equal), the more complete and harmonious will be his acceptance of its standards, values and demands. He not merely yields because of the group's pres-

(1) Park and Burgess: "Introduction to the Science of Sociology", p. 735.

sure; he gladly accepts them because he himself believes in them and desires to follow them for their own sake.

Conversely, the more complete and unquestioning his acceptance of the viewpoint of his own we-group, the more intense will be his opposition toward conflicting standards, values and demands, and the more antagonistic will be his attitude toward other persons and groups which hold to conflicting points of view.

Now, the sociological significance of the life-experience of Charles L. Clark is this: Conventional society, whose government holds legal authority over him, as it does over all of us, bids him shape his life according to its established standards and values; it demands that his conduct shall conform to the conventional mores and legal regulations which general public opinion supports. But he has become sympathetically identified with another world, a criminal frontier, whose standards and values, and whose equally established mores, are in essential conflict with the other. Conventional society, to which he is opposed, demands that he live according to one pattern; the criminal frontier, with which he is fused, demands that he live according to another. The two are mutually exclusive, therefore irreconcilable. He must accept the one or the other. He cannot accept both.

Our interpretation must rest upon this central fact of the intrinsic and inevitable conflict between these two opposing worlds. Clark's life-tragedy comes from the fact that he cast in his lot with the non-conforming group, which resents and resists every effort at control from established authority, and the public opinion of the community.

From one standpoint the central task of human society, or of any of its major groups, may be said to be the "socialization" of its members—the successful adjustment of persons to one another, in harmonious and effective working and living

relations. Directly or indirectly this is a primary function of most of the organized institutions of mankind.

In the case of Charles L. Clark socialization has not been accomplished, even by a lifetime of punishment. The failure of society, upon whose shoulders a major share of the responsibility must rest (without any condoning of Clark himself), has been two-fold. Society, first of all, made it possible (and from his standpoint, desirable), for him to become a member of an anti-social world; and secondly, society, by its treatment of him, made it virtually impossible (and from his standpoint, undesirable), to become a member of the conventional world.

Let us retrace the steps of this double failure so graphically revealed in the pages of the autobiography:

First: Conventional society permitted—or at least failed to prevent—the existence of groups and organizations fully known to be in active opposition to its accepted standards and mores. Gangs, saloons, gambling places, and rendezvous were tolerated and even protected, with the full knowledge that their inevitable result is to create and intensify anti-social attitudes and conduct on the part of their members and patrons.

Second: It took no active steps to prevent Clark, at his most impressionable age, from identifying himself with them.

Third: When his conduct became such that the law did take official cognizance of him, it did so in a way that intensified his feeling of "oneness" with his anti-social group, and his attitude of hatred for, and sense of apartness from, the law-abiding world. The net result was to increase the social distance between them, whereas the objective should have been to reduce the distance, and eventually to have fused him with normal society.

Fourth: By imprisoning him with hardened, experienced offenders it contributed directly to the further intensification of these feelings by exposing him to the virulent contagion of their attitudes; and at the same time it provided him still further with expert tutelage in the technique of the very crimes for which they were punishing him.

Fifth: By means of the abnormal conditions of prison life he was actually rendered less fit, physically, mentally, economically, than he was at the beginning for taking his place in normal society on release.

Sixth: He was not only given little aid on the occasion of his various releases (particularly his early ones) toward being assimilated into normal society; he was made to feel unwelcome and unwanted, and his fusion with it made difficult to the point of impossibility.

Seventh: This compelled him, through sheer economic necessity, to go back to his anti-social group where he could not only live, but where he found the sympathy and support he could not find otherwise or otherwhere.

In a word, therefore, society made it possible in the first place for him to become identified with an anti-social world; it then dealt with him in such a way that he preferred to continue his identification with that world; and finally, by erecting barriers between him and the conventional world it made it difficult for him to regain a foothold therein—and so in a very real sense left him little alternative but to continue in the only world he knew.

Thus, without extenuating Charles L. Clark's share of responsibility for his ethical choices, it becomes clear that his choices were in large measure circumscribed and defined by the established social order, which must therefore in all justice accept its share of responsibility for the choices themselves.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX "B"

A GLOSSARY OF CRIMINAL JARGON

Terms used by Criminals, as found in this narrative.

Around the horn—a trip around the circuit of city police stations for the purpose of being identified by victims.
Band house—House of Correction.
Bit—a prison sentence.
Beat the rap—escape conviction.
Bum rap—false charge.
Bun—whiskey.
Capper—a fellow advertising a place by yelling in front of it; a "bally hoo".
Con man—a confidence man.
Crook—a criminal.
Dick—a plain-clothes detective.
Dig in—steal.
Dip—a pickpocket.
Do a Bit—serve a sentence.
Eagle-eye—detective.
Elbow—detective.
Fall Money—emergency fund put aside by criminals, to be used only in case of arrest.
Fence—a dishonest dealer who disposes of goods stolen by others.
Flatty—a uniformed policeman.
Gangster—a fighter (usually a crook).
Gat—revolver.
Grand—one thousand dollars. *Half a grand*—five hundred dollars.
Gun—(1) a revolver; (2) a thief.
Hangout—meeting place for criminals.
Hog eye—large skeleton key for store or public building, as distinguished from a skeleton house key.
Hold up—(1) rob; (2) take care of a person in need.
Hole—solitary confinement cell in a prison.
Hop—opium.
Hoop—ring.
Hoosegow—local calaboose, lock-up, or house of correction.
Hotel worker—a thief who specializes on hotels.
Hustle—go to work, usually meaning theft.
Jack—money.
Jimmy—a short steel bar, used for forcing entrance through locked doors or windows, or as a weapon; an important implement in a burglar's kit. Sometimes made in sections to facilitate concealment.

Jug—(1) a local jail; (2) a safe in a country bank.
Lone hand—a thief who works by himself.
Make a joint—rob a house.
Mitt—put hush-money into an officer's hand.
Mob—a gang of criminals.
Moll—a woman; frequently meaning one of bad reputation.
Moll-buzzer—a person who specializes in picking women's pockets.
Moniker—nickname.
Moocher—beggar.
Outsiders—long-nosed pincers used on the outside to turn a key which is on the inside of a door-lock.
Peterman—a specialist in safe blowing.
Poke—pocket-book.
Prowl (*prowler*)—rob a house by stealth, usually meaning while the inmates are at home.
Right—on the square.
Rock—diamond.
Screw—(1) a key, especially a skeleton or master key; (2) a prison-guard, especially a guard in a prison shop.
Shake down—(1) search by police of a suspect for forbidden articles; (2) demand of dishonest officers for money for your protection.
Slong—a watch chain.
Slow work—daylight house robbery during absence of the family (as distinguished from prowling).
Slow—a place where slow work can be done.
Slum—mixed jewelry.
Sneak work—house robbery while the inmates are at a meal (similar to prowling).
Snitch—(1) to inform; (2) an informer.
Soup—nitroglycerine.
Spring—to obtain official release from prison.
Square hollers—"fix" a case, to escape trial.
Stall (*staller*)—(1) to hide the movements of a thief or pickpocket by diverting attention from him; (2) purposely fail to carry out an agreed upon task; (3) one who does (1) or (2).
Stool or Stool Pigeon—one acting secretly for the police in order to get evidence.
Stick-up—(1) hold-up; (2) a hold-up man.
Stir—penitentiary (as distinguished from a city or county jail.)
Stretch—prison term.
Strides—a pair of trousers.
Take a rap—serve a sentence; particularly to do so for protection of another guilty person. Where more than one person is suspected, the one against whom the evidence is strongest accepts sentence without involving the others, in order that they may go free.
Thimble—watch.
Thimble-getter—a pickpocket who specializes in watches. (Looked down

APPENDIX "A"

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No. of Sentence	Date of Beginning Sentence	Date of Release	Approximate Length of Imprisonment.	C
1	Spring, 1882 Age 15	Summer, 1882	3 months.	
2	April 5, 1884 Age 18	Autumn, 1887	3 years, 8 months.	
3	Autumn, 1889 Age 23	May 12, 1893	3 years, 6 months.	
4	Summer, 1894 Age 28	October, 1898	4 years, 4 months.	
5	November, 1898 Age 32	December, 1898	1 month.	
6	February 28, 1899 Age 32	January 1, 1900	10 months.	
7	February 28, 1901 Age 34	August 20, 1906 (at Joliet) Transferred to Chicago till March 8, 1907	6 years, 1 month.	Ch gla to
8	February 6, 1908 Age 41	January 20, 1914	6 years(1).	
9	August 4, 1914 Age 48	May 3, 1916	1 year, 9 months.	Ha
10	December 6, 1916 Age 50	Still in prison at time of writing this autobiography—8 yrs., 6 mos. so far.		

TOTALS — 2 City House of Correction sentences; 2 State Reformatory se
imately 35 years, 1 month. TOTAL of Intervals of Freedom: Approximately

(1) This period includes about six months freedom on parole in 1911. While on parole he was sent to the Chicago House of Correction for a six months' term for disorderly conduct, after which he was returned to Joliet to complete his original sentence because of having violated his parole.

ology of CLARK

From Birth on June 1, 1866 to Completion of Autobiography, June 1, 1925.

or which cted	Prison	Prison No.	Name Given on Arrest	Approximate Interval of Freedom.
arceny.	Detroit House of Correction.	?	Charles L. Clark.	1 year, 9 months.
lary.	Michigan State Reformatory — Ionia.	5,739	Charles L. Clark.	About 2 years.
lary.	Ionia.	?	Joe Williams.	1 year, 2 months.
Stolen erty.	Michigan State Prison—Jackson.	?	Charles L. Clark.	1 month.
arceny.	Toledo Workhouse.	?	George Williams.	2 months.
ary.	Ohio State Prison —Columbus.	31,581	Charles Ross.	1 year, 2 months.
aving Bur-; changed by error in rd.	Illinois State Prison —Joliet Cook Co. Jail, Ch'go.	7321-C	Joseph Kelly.	11 months.
ary.	Joliet. House of Correct'n, Chicago	603-D	Charles L. Clark.	7 months.
lar's Tools.	Joliet.	3751-D	Charles L. Clark.	7 months.
ry.	Joliet(2).	5126-D	Charles L. Clark.	Still in confinement.

State Penitentiary sentences. TOTAL of Periods of Imprisonment: Approx-5 months.

(2) During this time he was promoted from the old prison buildings on Collins Street to the new prison at Lockport (1921); and in 1922 he was again promoted to the Prison Honor Farm at Vandalia, where this autobiography was written.

upon by those who specialize in purse-robbing.)

Third Degree—forcible and illegal methods, usually involving torture, employed by police to extort confessions.

Tool—one who does the actual stealing, while protected by a stall.

Tool work—the work of a tool.

Turn a man up—inform against him.

Weed—to enter a store (usually with a hog's eye as distinguished from forcible entrance) and rob the stock in such a way as to conceal the fact that goods have been taken. For example: From a pile of overcoats a few will be "weeded out" and stolen, leaving the rest seemingly intact so that the theft will not be suspected.

Yegg—safe-blower; especially of country banks.

APPENDIX C

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